THE

WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS;

WITH

HIS LIFE,

BY

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

> "High Chief of Scottish song!
> That could'st alternately impart
> Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
> And brand each vice with satire strong,
> Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
> Whose truths electrify the sage."
>
> Campbell.

IN SIX VOLUMES

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NOTICE.

It is intimated by Currie that Burns "contributed songs liberally to Johnson's Musical Museum; but, in the communications to which his name was not in general affixed, he was less careful than in the lyrics written for the greater work of Thomson. Several of them he never intended to acknowledge, and others were found somewhat altered afterwards among his manuscripts." Cromek speaks more plainly:—"Burns contributed, gratuitously, not less than one hundred and eighty-four original, altered, and collected songs. The Editor has seen one hundred and eighty transcribed by his own hand for the Museum." Both might have added that the prefaces to the second, third, and fourth volumes were written by the Poet, and that to his industry we owe many of the truly original airs with which the publication abounds. Of the one hundred and sixty lyrics which this volume contains, not more than seventy will be found in Currie's octavos; and it may be safely re-asserted that "the reader will probably think many of these songs among the finest productions of the Poet's Muse."

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SONGS

AND

BALLADS.

PEGGY.

Tune—" *I had a Horse, I had nae mair.*"

I.

Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns
  Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
  Amang the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
  Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night
  To muse upon my charmer.

II.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The soaring hern the fountains:
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

III.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine;
Some solitary wander:
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion.

IV.

But Peggy, dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow:
Come, let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of nature;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And every happy creature.

V.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly ;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly :
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer !

The heroine of this song was "Montgomery's Peggy," who permitted the Poet to lavish on her all the choicest things of prose and verse, and then quietly said she was sorry her charms had made such havoc in his heart, for she was the lawful property of another, and had not the power of rewarding his raptures. The song is more beautiful than impassioned, and it is likely the Poet composed it less from deep regard than to shew that he could work her name as charmingly into the web of song, as he could captivate her attention by his eloquence.

THE RANTIN DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

Tune—" *East nook o' Fife.*"

I.

O WHA my babie-clouts will buy?
O wha will tent me when I cry?
Wha will kiss me where I lie?—
The rantin dog the daddie o't.

II.

O wha will own he did the fau't?
O wha will buy the groanin' maut?
O wha will tell me how to ca't?—
The rantin dog the daddie o't.

III.

When I mount the creepie chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair,
The rantin dog the daddie o't.

IV.

Wha will crack to me my lane ?
Wha will mak me fidgin fain ?
Wha will kiss me o'er again ?—
The rantin dog the daddie o't.

The hapless heroine of this humorous ditty was the mother of " Sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess."—" I composed it," says the Poet, " pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at that time under a cloud."

Our old songs abound in allusions to the " creepie chair" and penitence in sackcloth. Burns, who modelled his strains on the rustic lyrics of the north, has shown more than their wit, with something of their indelicacy. One Nithsdale ditty commences thus :—

" I am a silly auld man,
Gaun hirplin' owre a tree ;
And for wooing a lass i' the dark
The kirk came haunting me.

" If a' my duds were aff,
An' nought but hale claes on,
I trow I could kiss a young lass
As weel as a wiser man."

Pennycuik, a bard who has scarcely ceased to be popular among the peasantry, wrote " Rome's Legacy to the Kirk of Scotland ; or, a Satire on the Stool of Repentance." Some of his verses are sharp and bitter : he places a sinner on the stool, and makes no little mirth with him.

MY HEART WAS ANCE.

Tune—" *To the Weavers gin ye go.*"

I.

My heart was ance as blythe and free
As simmer days were lang,
But a bonnie, westlin weaver lad
Has gart me change my sang.
To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weavers gin ye go;
I rede you right gang ne'er at night,
To the weavers gin ye go.

II.

My mither sent me to the town,
To warp a plaiden wab;
But the weary, weary warpin o't
Has gart me sigh and sab.

III.

A bonnie westlin weaver lad,
Sat working at his loom;
He took my heart as wi' a net,
In every knot and thrum.

IV.

I sat beside my warpin-wheel,
And ay I ca'd it roun';
But every shot and every knock,
My heart it gae a stoun.

V.

The moon was sinking in the west
Wi' visage pale and wan,
As my bonnie westlin weaver lad
Convoy'd me thro' the glen.

VI.

But what was said, or what was done,
Shame fa' me gin I tell;
But, oh! I fear the kintra soon
Will ken as weel's mysel.
To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weavers gin ye go;
I rede you right gang ne'er at night,
To the weavers gin ye go.

"The chorus of this song is old," says Burns in his notes on the Musical Museum; "the rest of it is mine." He might have added, that the lass whom it celebrates belonged to Mauchline; and that one summer evening, when he desired to escort her home from an expedition

which she had made with yarn for a web, he found himself anticipated by

"A bonnie westlin weaver lad,"

and wrote the song in consequence. He did not consider it one of his happiest.—"Here, once for all," he writes, "let me apologize for many silly compositions of mine in this work. Many beautiful airs wanted words; and, in the hurry of other avocations, if I could string a parcel of rhymes together any thing near tolerable, I was fain to let them pass."

No one unacquainted with the domestic economy of Scotland can understand some of the allusions in this song. Thrift, in the days of Burns, was not wholly abandoned: the wives of our husbandmen spun their wool and flax, and sent the yarn and thread to the weaver to be manufactured into cloth—not for sale, but home consumption. In this way sackcloth for the corn, plaiding for the beds, linen for the body, and broad-cloth and stuffs for daily or even holiday wear, were produced. To purchase cloth for every-day use was, in my youthful days, reckoned extravagant. The heroine of the song was despatched with yarn to the weavers; and the warping alluded to is the act of preparing it for the loom.

NANNIE.

Tune—" *My Nannie, O.*"

I.

Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nannie, O.

II.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shrill;
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

III.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

IV.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O:
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

V.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be?
I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O.

VI.

My riches a' s my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

VII.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

VIII.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

Nannie Fleming, a servant in Calcothill, near Lochlea, was the heroine of this fine song. She died unmarried and well advanced in life, and when questioned about

the Poet's attachment said, "Aye, atweel he made a great wark about me."—"Like most of the favourites of Burns," says an observing friend, "she was more remarkable for the symmetry of her limbs than the beauty of her face. She was modest and cheerful, and had a winning manner." Burns says, concerning this song: "As I have been all along a miserable dupe to love, and have been led into a thousand weaknesses and follies by it, for that reason I put more confidence in my critical skill in distinguishing foppery and conceit from real passion and nature. Whether 'My Nannie, O!' will stand the test I will not pretend to say, because it is my own; only I can say, it was at the time genuine from the heart."

This fine air attracted minstrels before the days of Burns. The "Nannie, O!" of Allan Ramsay will be long remembered, both for its singular faults and its great beauties: among the latter may be reckoned this verse—

> "How joyfully my spirits rise
> When, dancing, she moves finely, O!
> I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
> They sparkle so divinely, O."

Older words still linger in the land: they must have been known both to Ramsay and Burns:—

> "As I came in by Enbro' town,
> By the side o' the bonny city, O,
> I heard a young man mak his moan,
> And O! it was a pity, O.
> For aye he cried his Nannie, O!
> His handsome, charming Nannie, O!
> Nor friend nor foe can tell, O—ho,
> How dearly I love Nannie, O!"

A FRAGMENT.

Tune—" *John Anderson my Jo.*"

One night as I did wander,
  When corn begins to shoot,
I sat me down to ponder,
  Upon an auld tree root:
Auld Ayr ran by before me,
  And bicker'd to the seas;
A cushat crowded o'er me,
  That echoed thro' the braes.

Burns sometimes hit upon one happy stanza, but, not falling readily again into the same track of feeling, allowed it to remain a fragment. Such precious things must not, however, be thrown away. Some gifted son of song, on a future day, may take a liking for the verse, and eke it out in the same spirit and feeling with which the Poet of Ayr has commenced it. That Burns completed many of our melodies in the same manner, this and the succeeding volume will sufficiently show.

BONNIE PEGGY ALISON.

Tune—" *Braes o' Balquhidder.*"

CHORUS.

I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again;
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonnie Peggy Alison!

I.

Ilk care and fear, when thou art near,
I ever mair defy them, O;
Young kings upon their hansel throne
Are no sae blest as I am, O!

II.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O,
I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!

III.

And by thy een, sae bonnie blue;
I swear I'm thine for ever, O !—
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O !
I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again ;
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonnie Peggy Alison !

Peggy Alison, the editor has been told by a friend in the west of Scotland, was Montgomery's Peggy, the subject of other songs and the object of eight months' fruitless wooing. The Poet, it is said, exhausted all his knowledge in the art of courting to win the affections of this coy dame: he was to be seen sauntering about, watching her windows during the evening, musing in her favourite walks during the day, and, when in some propitious moment she consented to meet him after night-fall, he might be observed lingering nigh the "trysting-tree" an hour before the appointed time. He sought the acquaintance of all whom he imagined could influence her, and urged and wooed with all his impassioned eloquence. Peggie was pleased with all this—she loved praise, and loved the Poet's company. The cause of her coldness has already been related.

It was an early communication, though unacknowledged, to the Museum. Clark the composer was fond of it; Cromek, who had all Johnson's correspondence through his hands, saw it in the handwriting of Burns, and inserted it in the Reliques.

THERE'S NOUGHT BUT CARE.

Tune—" *Green grow the Rashes.*"

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O !
Green grow the rashes, O !
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent amang the lasses, O.

I.

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes, O :
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

II.

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O ;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

III.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O ;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

IV.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

V.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent amang the lasses, O.

The "Green grow the Rashes" of our ancestors had both spirit and freedom. The chorus may be taken as a sample:—

"Green grow the rashes, O,
Green grow the rashes, O;
Nae feather-bed was e'er sae saft
As a bed amang the rashes, O."

"Pou thou me the Rushes Green," mentioned in "The Complaynt of Scotland," is likely of the same lineage as these rustic words. Burns calls his inimitable song a fragment, and says it speaks the genuine language of his heart. The incense in the concluding verse is the richest poet ever offered at the shrine of beauty.

Something akin may be found in the verses of Arbuthnot—a grave reformer, and principal of Aberdeen College:—

> "When God made all of nought,
> He did this weel declare;
> The last thing that he wrought,
> It was ane woman fair.
> In warkes we see, the last to be
> Maist plesand and preclair,
> Ane help to man, God made her than;
> What will ye I say mair?"

A passage of "Cupid's Whirlygig," published in 1607, contains the express sentiments of the Poet of Scotland:—

"How have I wronged thee? Oh! who would abuse your sex which truly knows ye? O women, were we not born of you? Should we not, then, honour you? Nursed by you, and not regard you? Made for you, and not seek you? And since we were made before you, should we not love and admire you as the last, and therefore perfect work of nature? Man was made when nature was but an apprentice; but woman, when she was a skilful mistress of her art: therefore, cursed is he that doth not admire those paragons, those models of heaven—angels on earth, goddesses in shape."

MY JEAN!

Tune—"*The Northern Lass.*"

Though cruel fate should bid us part,
Far as the pole and line,
Her dear idea round my heart,
Should tenderly entwine.
Though mountains rise, and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between ;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.

Jean Armour is the heroine of this touching song. It was composed when the Poet contemplated the West India voyage and an eternal separation from the land and the people he loved. It is written to the air of a song of the same name ; some of the verses are pleasing :—

"Come, take your glass, the Northern Lass
So prettily advised ;
I drank her health, and really was
Agreeably surprised.
Her shape so neat, her voice so sweet,
Her air and mien so free ;
The syren charm'd me from my meat,—
But take your drink, said she.

"If from the North such beauty came,
How is it that I feel
Within my breast that glowing flame
No tongue can e'er reveal ?
Though cold and raw the north winds blow,
All summer's in her breast ;
Her skin is like the driven snow,
But summer all the rest."

ROBIN.

Tune—"*Daintie Davie.*"

I.

There was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day o' whatna style
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin,' rantin' rovin'
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin!

II.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.

III.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' scho wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

IV.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But ay a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit 'till us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

V.

But sure as three times three mak nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin.

VI.

Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you gar,
The bonnie lasses lie aspar,
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur,
So blessin's on thee, Robin!
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin!

* This mirthsome chaunt was an early composition. All who are acquainted with humble life in the north will see at once the truth and the force of the Poet's picture. A man child has been born—the gossips are gathered

about the bed—and a cummer, skilful in palmistry, reads his fortune from his fist. She sees much of the dark, but more of the bright; and as the gossip-cup has probably run to her head, she dilates with much freedom on his future exploits. A classical commentator might perceive a similar train of sentiment in the second satire of Persius:—

> "Our superstitions with our life begin:
> Th' obscure old grandam, or the next of kin,
> The new-born infant from the cradle takes,
> And first of spittle a lustration makes,
> Then dandles him with many a muttered prayer
> That heav'n would make him some rich miser's heir,
> Lucky to ladies, and in time a king,
> Which to ensure, she adds a length of navel-string.
> But no fond nurse is fit to make a prayer,
> And Jove, if Jove be wise, will never hear;
> Not though she prays in white with lifted hands;
> A body, made of brass, the crone demands
> For her loved nursling, strung with nerves of wire,
> Tough to the last, and with no toil to tire."

Stothard painted a small picture from this clever ditty. The cannie wife stood with little Robin laid backwards in her left arm; with her right hand she had opened his palm, and it was quite evident that she saw something which tickled her: a curious intelligence sparkled in the faces of her gossips, and they said, or seemed to say—

> "Blessings on thee, Robin!"

HER FLOWING LOCKS.

Tune—(unknown).

Her flowing locks, the raven's wing,
Adown her neck and bosom hing;
How sweet unto that breast to cling,
  And round that neck entwine her!
Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,
O, what a feast her bonnie mou'!
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
  A crimson still diviner.

Tradition relates of these fine lines, that one day Burns had his foot in the stirrup ready to mount his horse, and return from Ayr to Mauchline, when a young lady of great beauty rode up to the inn, and caused some refreshments to be given to her servants. The Poet composed these lines at the moment, merely, he said, to keep so much loveliness on his memory and on the same principle that a painter contents himself with a sketch, when he has not leisure for a finished picture. The fragment was found as it is printed, among his papers: it is probable that he never found the muse in a mood for carrying description farther.

O LEAVE NOVELS!

Tune—"*Mauchline Bells.*"

I.

O LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline belles,
Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel;
Such witching books are baited hooks
For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel.

II.

Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
They make your youthful fancies reel;
They heat your brains, and fire your veins,
And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel.

III.

Beware a tongue that 's smoothly hung,
A heart that warmly seems to feel;
That feeling heart but acts a part—
'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.

IV.

The frank address, the soft caress,
Are worse than poisoned darts of steel;
The frank address and politesse
Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

Who the belles of Mauchline were, Rob of Mossgiel elsewhere informs us —

> "In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
> The pride o' the place and its neighbourhood a';
> Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
> In London or Paris they'd gotten it a'.
> Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
> Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw;
> There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
> But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'."

That Burns was intimately acquainted with the somewhat romantic mode of wooing which prevails among the peasantry, and had practised all its mysteries, we have evidence both in verse and prose —"A country lad," he says, to Dr Moore, "seldom carries on a love adventure without an assisting confidant. I possessed a curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity, that recommended me as a proper second on these occasions, and I dare say I felt as much pleasure in being in the secret of half the loves of the parish of Tarbolton as ever did statesman in knowing the intrigues of half the courts of Europe The very goose-feather in my hand seems to know instinctively the well-worn path of my imagination, the favourite theme of my song, and is with difficulty restrained from giving you a couple of paragraphs on the love adventures of my compeers, the humble inmates of the farm-house and cottage The grave sons of science, ambition, or avarice baptize these things by the name of follies—to the sons and daughters of labour and poverty they are matters of the most serious nature. to them the ardent hope, the stolen interview, the tender farewell, are the greatest and most delicious parts of their enjoyments."

YOUNG PEGGY.

Tune— "*Last time I cam o'er the Muir.*"

I.

Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
Her blush is like the morning,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
With early gems adorning:
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

II.

Her lips, more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has graced them;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them:
Her smile is, as the evening, mild,
When feather'd tribes are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

III.

Were fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her
As blooming spring unbends the brow
Of surly, savage winter.
Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
Her winning powers to lessen;
And fretful envy grins in vain
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

IV.

Ye powers of honour, love, and truth,
From every ill defend her;
Inspire the highly-favour'd youth,
The destinies intend her:
Still fan the sweet connubial flame
Responsive in each bosom,
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

In these flattering stanzas Burns bade farewell to one whom he had wooed for eight months, and solicited much by speech and song. Montgomery's Peggy seems to have been little moved by the sweet things of verse and prose; she, perhaps, preferred a swain who, like the miller, in another ditty, could bring in money and meal to one who seemed skilful only at courting and complimenting. Peggy, in her marriage, showed that she preferred "corn-rigs" to music and poetry.

THE CURE FOR ALL CARE.

Tune—" *Prepare, my dear Brethren, to the Tavern let's fly.*"

I.

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare—
For a big-bellied bottle's the whole of my care.

II.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low;
.t a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
nd a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

III.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse;
There centum per centum, the cit with his purse;
But see you The Crown, how it waves in the air!
There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care.

IV.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care.

V.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;—
But the pursy old landlord just waddled up stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

VI.

"Life's cares they are comforts,"*—a maxim laid
down
By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the
black gown;
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
For a big-bellied bottle's a heav'n of care.

VII.

ADDED IN A MASON LODGE.

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
May every true brother of the compass and square
Have a big-bellied bottle when harass'd with care!

* Young's Night Thoughts.

The masonic lyrics form a class by themselves; they are generally about the pleasures of the table, or other friendly socialities, and deal in dark allusions to the

> "Mason's mystic word and grup."

Some of them perceive freemasonry in all things; and one, in particular, hesitates not to claim Eve as a comrade of the mystic order, for—

> "A fig-leaf apron she put on,
> To show her masonrie."

Tarbolton Lodge, of which the Poet was a member, had considerable fame in the west for its socialities, and also for its deep knowledge in the mysteries of masonry. The reputation of the Lodge of Kilmarnock is of old standing; indeed, the west of Scotland has long been famous for its associations, social, political, and religious. "The heretic blast" of the Reformation was first blown there, and some of its most distinguished leaders belonged to that land.

ELIZA

Tune—" *Gilderoy.*"

I.

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore;
The cruel Fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar:
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee!

II.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
The latest throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

To the heroine of this song the Poet's thoughts turned when, rejected of Jean Armour, he wrote his pathetic

"Lament." She is the Miss Betty of one of his epigrams, where he praises her taste in dress; and she figures in the first edition of the "Vision." He is speaking of Coila: —

> "Down flowed her robe, a tartan sheen,
> 'Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
> And such a leg! my Bess I ween
> Could only peer it;
> Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean,
> Nane else came near it."

My friend John Galt informs me that this lady was his relative: her name was Elizabeth Barbour; she was handsome rather than beautiful, very lively, and of a ready wit.

The Poet seems to have realized in his loves the fortune of the "wight of Homer's craft," in the "Jolly Beggars." When change of mind, marriage, or other casualties, carried away one of his heroines, he could sing with justice,

> "I've lost but ane, I've twa behin."

Or, if not content with what remained, his youth and eloquence soon supplied the vacancy with a lass from Lugar, or from Cessnock-bank. When he made his appearance among the polished dames of Edinburgh, he found that the language which caused the maids to listen on the Ayr and the Doon wrought the same enchantment elsewhere.

THE SONS OF OLD KILLIE.

Tune—"*Shawnboy.*"

I.

YE sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
To follow the noble vocation;
Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
To sit in that honoured station.
I've little to say, but only to pray,
As praying's the ton of your fashion;
A prayer from the muse you well may excuse,
'Tis seldom her favourite passion.

II.

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
Who marked each element's border;
Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,
Whose sovereign statute is order;
Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
Or withered envy ne'er enter;
May secresy round be the mystical bound,
And brotherly love be the centre.

The original, in the Poet's handwriting, belongs to Gabriel Neil, Glasgow, and has the following interesting note attached to it:—"This song, wrote by Mr. Burns, was sung by him in the Kilmarnock Kilwinning Lodge, in 1786, and given by him to Mr. Parker, who was Master of the Lodge."

MENIE.

Tune—" *Johnny's grey Breeks.*"

I.

Again rejoicing nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.
And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet, jet black, and like a hawk,
And winna let a body be.

II.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

III.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
But life to me 's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.

IV.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And every thing is blest but I.

V.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
And o r e moorland whistles shill ;
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
I meet him on the dewy hill.

VI.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

VII.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree ·
Thy gloom will sooth my cheerless soul,
When nature all is sad like me!

And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet, jet black, and like a hawk,
And winna let a body be.

The chorus was composed by a wit in Edinburgh, and adopted by Burns because it contained the name of Menie, which is, he says, the abbreviation of Mariamne. It jars with the ruling sentiment of the song, and has been discarded by some editors as superfluous: if we regard the lyric as a poem to be read or recited, the chorus may be spared; but if we look upon it as a composition to be sung, the omission maims the performance. Yet it cannot be denied that some of the old choruses, which Burns adopted in his lyrics, injure the feeling and unity of his strains. He rose into a higher mood very frequently. The Lass of Craigie-burn-wood and the Lincluden Vision may be named as instances of this.

Of the lady who inspired this strain no one has given any account. It was first printed in the second edition of the Poet's works.

THE

FAREWELL

TO THE

BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE,

TARBOLTON.

Tune—*Good-night, and Joy be wi' you a'!*

I.

Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

II.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft, honor'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light:
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'.

III.

May freedom, harmony, and love
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath th' omniscient eye above,
The glorious Architect divine!
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

IV.

And you farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly, that highest badge to wear!
Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble name,
To masonry and Scotia dear!
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round—I ask it with a tear,
To him, the Bard that's far awa'.

The Poet, it is said, recited or rather chanted this "Farewell" in the St. James's Lodge of Tarbolton, when his chest was on the way to Greenock, and he had measured the last song he expected to measure in Caledonia. The concluding verse affected his friends greatly. The voice of Burns was low, strong, and musical; when in the church, he usually joined in the bass, and good singers observed that he was ever in harmony. This song was first printed in the Kilmarnock edition:—several of the gentlemen who heard the Poet chant it, are still living in the west of Scotland.

The mason lodge was a favourite haunt of Burns; and he alludes to the mysteries of the institution, and the socialities of the brethren, on various occasions. Thus, in the "Address to the Deil:"—

> "When masons' mystic word an' grip,
> In storms an' tempests raise ye up,
> Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
> Or, strange to tell!
> The youngest brother ye wad whup
> Aff straught to hell."

And also in Tam Samson's Elegy:—

> "The brethren o' the mystic level
> May hing their head in wofu' bevel,
> While by their nose the tears will revel,
> Like ony bead;
> Death 's gi'en their lodge an unco devel—
> Tam Samson's dead!"

ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

Tune—*If he be a Butcher neat and trim.*

I.

On Cessnock banks there lives a lass,
Could I describe her shape and mien;
The graces of her weelfar'd face,
And the glancin' of her sparklin' een!

II.

She's fresher than the morning dawn
When rising Phœbus first is seen,
When dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

III.

She's stately like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And shoots its head above each bush;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

IV.

She's spotless as the flow'ring thorn,
With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

V.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
When flow'ry May adorns the scene,
That wantons round its bleating dam;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

VI.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That shades the mountain-side at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

VII.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
When shining sunbeams intervene,
And gild the distant mountain's brow;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

VIII.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
That sings in Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

IX.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe
That sunny walls from Boreas screen—
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

X.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

XI.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phœbus sinks beneath the seas;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

XII.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen,
But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her sparklin' een.

The lass of Cessnock banks inspired a song of similes. The Poet had read his bible, for he likened her looks to

those of the sportive lamb, and her teeth to the white fleeces of a newly-washen flock of sheep; and he had read Ossian also, for he compares her locks to the curling mist of the mountain. To these he added his own observations—he looked into nature for himself; he felt in her breath the fragance of the summer wind among the blossomed bean, and heard in her voice the note of the thrush,

> "That sings in Cessnock banks unseen."

Burns seldom indulged in such oriental strains as these: his song is usually simple, and his praise natural: he loved little that was far-fetched and ornate.

The name of the heroine has not transpired; she was tall, for he compares her to a stately ash-tree; and her eyes were bright, for their sparkling forms the "o'er word of the song."

MARY!

Tune—"*Blue Bonnets.*"

I.

Powers celestial! whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair,
While in distant climes I wander,
Let my Mary be your care:
Let her form sae fair and faultless,
Fair and faultless as your own,
Let my Mary's kindred spirit
Draw your choicest influence down.

II.

Make the gales you waft around her
Soft and peaceful as her breast;
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Sooth her bosom into rest:
Guardian angels! O protect her,
When in distant lands I roam,
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home.

In the manuscript of the Poet this fine song is called "A Prayer for Mary"—but no farther explanation is given. He contemplated an arrangement of all his lyric compositions sometime before his death, and it was his intention to add notes indicating the circumstances under which they were composed, and the names of the heroines.

The faultless form and gentle spirit of the inspirer of these verses incline us to believe that Highland Mary was intended. Burns put almost every event of his early life, and every throb of his heart, into verse. He was shut out from knowledge; his society consisted of men of ordinary minds, from whom little could be learned; he saw nothing of the polite, of the learned, or the mercantile world; he seems not to have aspired to imitate the strains of the southern bards; he allowed his muse to do as she listed, and her song was of the maidens of Kyle and his humble compeers of the hamlet. The air of the song is true old pastoral.

THE
LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

Tune—"*Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff.*"

I.

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang,
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets alang:
In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
All nature listening seem'd the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

II.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
'Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

III.

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild;
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild:
But woman, nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;
Even there her other works are foil'd
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

IV.

O, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain,
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

V.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine;
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
And ev'ry day have joys divine
With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

"The whole course of the Ayr," says Currie, "is fine; but the banks of that river, as it bends to the eastward above Mauchline, are singularly beautiful; and they were frequented, as may be imagined, by our Poet in his solitary walks. Here the muse often visited him. In one of those wanderings he met among the woods a celebrated beauty of the west of Scotland; a lady of whom it is said that the charms of her person corresponded with the character of her mind. This incident gave rise, as might be expected, to a poem, of which an account will be found in the following letter, in which he enclosed it to the object of his inspiration."

The letter is dated November 18, 1786: it intimates that the song of the Lass of Ballochmyle was nearly taken from real life.—"Though I dare say, Madam," observes the Poet, "you do not recollect it, as I believe you scarcely noticed the poetic *rêveur* as he wandered by you. I had roved out as chance directed in the favourite haunts of my muse, on the banks of the Ayr, to view nature in all the gaiety of the vernal year. The evening sun was flaming over the distant western hills: not a breath stirred the crimson opening blossom, or the verdant spreading leaf. It was a golden moment for a poetic heart. Such was the scene, and such the hour—when, in a corner of my prospect, I spied one of the fairest pieces of nature's workmanship that ever crowned a poetic landscape or met a poet's eye. Had Calumny or Villany taken my walk, they had at that moment sworn eternal peace with such an object. The enclosed song was the work of my return home; and perhaps it but poorly answers what might have been expected from such a scene."

Fair friends and anxious biographers have endeavoured

to defend Miss Alexander—the lass of Ballochmyle—from the imputation of neglect recorded by the Poet against her; her silence wounded his self-love. She was very young, say the former, and almost a stranger in the land; and she might not know, say the latter, that the muse of Tibullus breathed in this rustic poet; and she might be offended at the audacity of his strains. To the first it may be answered that the Poet met this beauty of the west among the woods in June, and sent her the poem in November: she was not, therefore, quite a stranger; and to the other it may be said, that if she failed to perceive the merit of the song at first, her taste improved by time, for she lived to admire it so much that she carried it about with her wherever she went, and looked upon it as a sort of charm to preserve her name to future generations.

The Poet bestowed more than common pains on this lyric—the manuscript offers but few variations. The conclusion of the second verse, in one of the copies, reads thus:—

> "The lily's hue and rose's dye
> Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle."

THE GLOOMY NIGHT.

Tune—"*Roslin Castle.*"

I.

The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure;
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

II.

The autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
By early winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave—
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

III.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore;
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear!
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

IV.

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare;
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr!

The history of this affecting lyric is related by the author.—"I had been for some time skulking from covert to covert under all the terrors of a jail, as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my few friends: my chest was on the road to Greenock, and

I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia—

'The gloomy night is gath'ring fast;'

when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition." Professor Walker adds some interesting touches to the Poet's account.—"I requested him to communicate some of his unpublished poems; and he recited his farewell song to the Banks of Ayr, introducing it with a description of the circumstances in which it was composed, more striking than the poem itself. He had left Dr. Laurie's family, after a visit, which he expected to be the last, and on his way home had to cross a wide stretch of solitary moor. His mind was strongly affected by parting for ever with a scene where he had tasted so much elegant and social pleasure; and, depressed by the contrasted gloom of his prospects, the aspect of nature harmonized with his feelings: it was a lowering and heavy evening in the end of autumn. The wind was up and whistled through the rushes and long spear-grass which bent before it. The clouds were driving across the sky; and cold pelting showers at intervals added discomfort of body to cheerlessness of mind. Under these circumstances, and in this frame, Burns composed his poem."

O, WHAR DID YE GET.

Tune—" *Bonnie Dundee.*"

I.

O, WHAR did ye get that hauver meal bannock ?
O silly blind body, O dinna ye see ?
I gat it frae a brisk young sodger laddie,
Between Saint Johnston and bonnie Dundee.
O gin I saw the laddie that gae me 't!
Aft has he doudl'd me up on his knee ;
May Heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie,
And send him safe hame to his babie and me !

II.

My blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie,
My blessin's upon thy bonnie e'e brie!
Thy smiles are sae like my blyth sodger laddie,
Thou's ay the dearer and dearer to me!
But I'll big a bower on yon bonnie banks,
Where Tay rins wimplin by sae clear ;
And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

Part of this song is old: all that is natural or tender in it was added by Burns. The title is very old: when the accession of James to the English throne carried many Scotsmen to the south, several northern songs were travestied by the London ballad-makers, and made to throw ridicule on Scotland. Bonnie Dundee, as well as others, was compelled to utter strange words:—

> "Where got'st thou that haver meal bonack?
> Blind booby! canst thou not see?
> Ise got it out of a Scotchman's wallet,
> As he lig lousing him under a tree."

The story proceeds in a similar strain of elegance:—

> "With sword ready drawn they rode to the gate,
> Where being denied an entrance thro',
> The master and man they fought at that rate,
> That some ran away, and others they slew:
> Thus Jockey the laird, and Sawney the man,
> They valiantly fought, as Highlanders can;
> In spite of the loons they set themselves free,
> And so bid adieu to bonnie Dundee."

And so they achieved their escape from durance, and were rewarded by the love of their mistresses.

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

Tune—" *Maggy Lauder.*"

I.

I MARRIED with a scolding wife
  The fourteenth of November;
She made me weary of my life,
  By one unruly member.
Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
  And many griefs attended;
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
  Now, now her life is ended.

II.

We liv'd full one-and-twenty years
  A man and wife together;
At length from me her course she steer'd,
  And gone I know not whither:
Would I could guess, I do profess
  I speak, and do not flatter,
Of all the women in the world,
  I never could come at her.

III.

Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave does hide her;
But sure her soul is not in hell,
The deil would ne'er abide her.
I rather think she is aloft,
And imitating thunder;
For why,—methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder.

The old Scottish lyric bards loved to sing of the sorrows of wedlock and the raptures of single blessedness. "The Auld Gudeman" is an admirable specimen of matrimonial infelicity; it forms a sort of rustic drama, and the surly pair scold verse and verse about. Burns, when he wrote "The Joyful Widower," thought on the strains of his elder brethren, and equalled, if he did not surpass them. It was first printed in the Musical Museum.

COME DOWN THE BACK STAIRS.

Tune—" *Whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad.*"

CHORUS.

O whistle, and I'll come
To you, my lad;
O whistle, and I'll come
To you, my lad:
Tho' father and mither
Should baith gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come
To you, my lad.

Come down the back stairs
When ye come to court me;
Come down the back stairs
When ye come to court me;
Come down the back stairs,
And let naebody see,
And come as ye were na
Coming to me.

Burns wrote a better version of this lyric for Thomson; it is founded on the old fragment, but he poured his own feeling and fancy so happily through the whole, that not a single line of it remains entire, nor can the new be pronounced free of the language of the older minstrel. The [illegible] composed by John Bruce, an excellent fiddler, [illegible] lived in Dumfries.

I AM MY MAMMY'S AE BAIRN.

Tune—" *I'm o'er young to marry yet.*"

I.

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir;
And lying in a man's bed,
I'm fley'd it makes me eerie, Sir.
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young—'twad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.

II.

Hallowmas is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, Sir;
And you an' I in ae bed,
In trouth, I dare na venture, Sir.

III.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind,
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.

The title of this song and a part of the chorus are old: the rest is by Burns: of the old words, snatches still remain on men's memories:—

"My mither coft me a new gown,
The kirk maun hae the gracing o't;
Were I to meet wi' you, kind sir,
I'm rad I'd spoil the lacing o't.
I'm owre young, I'm owre young,
I'm far owre young to marry yet;
I'm sae young t'wad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet."

Yet there is a remedy for all things: she archly suggests that winter passes away, that spring is at hand, and that she will be older should he happen to come her way in summer.

BONNIE LASSIE, WILL YE GO.

Tune—" *The Birks of Aberfeldy.*"

CHORUS.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go;
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

I.

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays;
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

II.

The little birdies blithely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

III.

The braes ascend, like lofty wa's,
The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

IV.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

V.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go;
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

Many of the songs of Burns had their origin in the snatches of verse and fragments of choruses current during his day in Scotland. "The Birks of Abergeldie" the forerunner of this sweet song:—

"Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go;
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Abergeldie?
Ye shall get a gown o' silk,
A gown o' silk, a gown o' silk;
Ye shall get a gown o' silk,
And coat o' calimanco.

"Na, kind sir, I dare na gang,
I dare na gang, I dare na gang;
Na, kind sir, I dare na gang—
My minnie she'll be angry.
Sair sair wad she flyte,
Wad she flyte, wad she flyte:
Sair sair wad she flyte,
And sair wad she ban me."

Burns says he wrote his song of "The Birks of Aberfeldy" while standing under the Falls of Aberfeldy, near Moness, in Perthshire, in September, 1787. He was on his way to Inverness. The air is very old and very sprightly; those who are curious in such matters will find it in Playford's "Dancing Master," where it is recorded as "A Scotch Ayre."

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.*

Tune—" *M'Pherson's Rant.*"

I.

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
Macpherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

II.

Oh, what is death but parting breath?—
On many a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

III.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there's no a man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.

IV.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avenged be.

V.

Now farewell light—thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

Inverness and Banff alike claim the honour of furnishing scene and subject for this very vehement and daring song. It owes little save the name to the ballad published in Herd, and not much to the traditional chant still remembered in the north.—"Macpherson's Lament," says Scott, "was a well-known song many years before the Ayrshire Bard wrote these additional verses, which constitute its principal merit. This noted freebooter was executed at Inverness about the beginning of the last century. When he came to the fatal tree, he played the tune to which he has bequeathed his name, upon a favourite violin: and holding up the instrument he offered it to any one of his clan who would under-

take to play the tune over his body at his lyke-wake. As none answered, he dashed it to pieces on the executioner's head, and flung himself from the ladder."

The Banff tradition relates that Macpherson was chief of a branch of the clan Chattan: a freebooter by choice or chance, and of unequalled strength and courage. He imagined, as he descended with his followers from the mountains, that he was but asserting the independence of his wild tribe; and believed, when he harried the vales, that he was taking a lawful prey. Macduff, of Braco, was not of this opinion: he resisted the spoliation of his lands, and, in several encounters with Macpherson, ascertained that stratagem was more likely to be successful than open force. Having heard that the freebooter was at the fair of Keith, with only one companion, he instantly entered the town, singled him out, and attacked him in the market-place. Macpherson fought with the most desperate courage—several fell by his hand, and he made his way through all opposition to the churchyard, but, stumbling as he was defending himself, was overpowered and captured, conveyed to Banff, and condemned to die. His execution was attended by those romantic circumstances related by Scott; his body was buried on the Gallow-hill, beneath the gallows-tree.

"The sword and shield of Macpherson," says an ingenious correspondent, Alexander M'Innes, "are deposited in the Earl of Fife's armoury at Duff-House, near Banff, and are in a state of tolerable preservation, though it is evident they had undergone much tear and wear while in the hands of their original owner. The sword is double-handed, six feet in length, and waved or scalloped along the edge of the blade, which is about the breadth of a common scythe. The shield is composed

of wood, bull's-hide and brass nails, with the latter of which it is curiously ornamented. Such a ponderous weapon required a powerful man—and such, indeed, he was; for, when his grave was opened some years ago, his bones exceeded in strength those common to nature. The shield is hacked and dinted in several places; one or two bullets, too, have passed through the thick studding and the massive wood, and are lodged in the outside coating of leather."

Some of the verses of the local ballad are interesting:—

"Old Braco Duff, in rage and wrath,
First laid a snare for me;
But if I live to bruik my life,
Avenged I will be.

"Untie these bands frae off my hands,
And gie me back my sword;
And Braco Duff, and all his kin,
Shall feel I am no cow'rd.

"But vengeance I did never wreak,
When power was in my hand;
An' you, dear friends, no vengeance seek—
It is my last command.

"Forgive the man whose rage bereaves
Macpherson of his life;
When I am dead, be it not said
My legacy was strife.

My father was a gentleman,
Of fame and lineage hie:
O place me in the field like him—
Like him to fight and die."

It seems perfectly certain that, into whatever counties this freebooter carried his depredations, his final exit took place at Banff. His indictment is still in existence: besides, be it remembered that Inverness is the land of the Macphersons, and a Highland saying avers that its jail could never hold a prisoner belonging to a clan!

BRAW LADS OF GALLA WATER.

Tune—" *Galla Water.*"

CHORUS.

Braw, braw lads of Galla Water ;
O braw lads of Galla Water :
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.

I.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie ;
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
The mair I kiss she's ay my dearie.

II.

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moss amang the heather ;
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.

III.

Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie,
The lassie lost a silken snood,
That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.
Braw, braw lads of Galla Water;
O braw lads of Galla Water:
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.

Perhaps the air of this song is the very sweetest of all the fine airs of Caledonia. It charmed Haydn so much that he wrote under it in the best English he could muster, "This one Dr. Haydn favourite song." The air is very old, nor are some of the verses modern: these are the most ancient:—

"Braw, braw lads of Galla Water,
Braw, braw lads of Galla Water;
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

"O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moss amang the heather,
I'll kilt my coat aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water."

Burns admired the air so much that he wrote, in 1793, another version of the song: less of the old strain mingles with his second effort. The naïveté of the first verse of his first hasty version will always make it a favourite.

STAY, MY CHARMER.

Tune—" *An Gille dubh ciar dhubh.*'

I.

Stay, my charmer, can you leave me ?
Cruel, cruel to deceive me !
Well you know how much you grieve me ;
Cruel charmer, can you go ?
Cruel charmer, can you go ?

II.

By my love so ill requited ;
By the faith you fondly plighted ;
By the pangs of lovers slighted ;
Do not, do not leave me so !
Do not, do not leave me so !

The Highland excursions of the Poet coloured many of his lyrical compositions. The air to which these verses were composed is called " The black-haired lad :" it is simple and affecting. Burns picked it up in the north ; and, touched by the slight which a Highland damsel put on him by quitting his side when he was discoursing on tender things, he embodied his feelings in these fine verses.

THICKEST NIGHT, O'ERHANG MY DWELLING.

Tune—" *Strathallan's Lament.*"

I.

THICKEST night, o'erhang my dwelling!
Howling tempests, o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Still surround my lonely cave!

II.

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

III.

In the cause of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly waged,
But the heavens denied success.

IV.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend,
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend!

Viscount Strathallan, whom these verses commemorate, was James Drummond, who escaped with difficulty from the field of Culloden, where his father fell, and died abroad an exile.—"The air," says the Poet, "is the composition of one of the worthiest and best hearted men living—Allan Masterton, schoolmaster in Edinburgh. As he and I were both sprouts of jacobitism, we agreed to dedicate the words and air to that cause. To tell the truth, except when my passions were heated by some accidental cause, my jacobitism was merely by way of *vive la bagatelle.*" The Bard wrote these remarks for the eye of the Laird of Friars Carse, whose prejudices looked towards Hanover. Whenever he met with a resolute old jacobite, he did not forget that his ancestors had been Earl Marischall's men.

MY HOGGIE.

Tune—"*What will I do gin my Hoggie die?*"

What will I do gin my Hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my Hoggie!
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And vow but I was vogie!
The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
Me and my faithfu' doggie;
We heard nought but the roaring linn,
Amang the braes sae scroggie;
But the houlet cry'd frae the castle wa',
The blitter frae the boggie,
The tod reply'd upon the hill,
I trembl'd for my Hoggie.
When day did daw, and cocks did craw,
The morning it was foggie;
An' unco tyke lap o'er the dyke,
And maist has kill'd my Hoggie.

When this song first became popular, the name of the author was not known, for it had appeared in the

Museum anonymously. Even in the notes which he wrote on that work, Burns has refrained from claiming it—it is his, however, beyond all question; he communicated it to Johnson.—"Professor Walker," he says, "told me the following anecdote about this air. He said that some gentlemen riding a few years ago through Liddesdale, stopped at a hamlet, consisting of a few houses called Moss Platt, when they were struck with this tune, which an old woman spinning on a roke at her door was singing. All that she could tell concerning it was that she was taught it when a child, and it was called

'What will I do gin my Hoggie die?'

No person, except a few females at Moss Platt, knew this fine old tune, which in all probability would have been lost, had not one of the gentlemen, who happened to have a flute with him, taken it down." In this accidental way—sometimes remembered, sometimes forgot—many snatches of old valuable verse, and many exquisite airs, have been picked up and preserved.

HER DADDIE FORBAD.

Tune—" *Jumpin' John.*"

I.

Her daddie forbad, her minnie forbad;
Forbidden she wadna be:
She wadna trow't, the browst she brew'd
Wad taste sae bitterlie.
The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
Beguiled the bonnie lassie,
The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
Beguiled the bonnie lassie.

II.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf
And thretty gude shillin's and three;
A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,
The lass with the bonnie black e'e.
The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
Beguiled the bonnie lassie,
The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
Beguiled the bonnie lassie.

Part of these verses are from the pen of Burns; and part from a humorous ballad of the olden day, of which some fragments still remain among the curious—

> "Jumpin' John o' the green
> He has tint his dearie;
> Sour milk carries nae cream,
> Hey, come blirt, come blearie!"

More verses might be quoted, but they are more lively than delicate—an imperfection common to our early songs. Our simple ancestors made use of expressions and allusions then reckoned perfectly innocent; but the meaning has been pronounced indecorous by their more scrupulous descendants.

The air to which the words are adapted have a strong affinity to the well-known tune called Lillibulero, composed, it is said, by Henry Purcell: but the name Lillibulero, at least, was popular before the days of that eminent composer: it is painfully connected with the tragic events of 1641, nor was it without a share in the revolution of 1688. It has much to answer for.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Tune—" *Cold blows the Wind.*"

CHORUS.

Up in the morning's no for me,
  Up in the morning early ;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
  I'm sure it's winter fairly.

I.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
  The drift is driving sairly ;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
  I'm sure it's winter fairly.

II.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
  A' day they fare but sparely ;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn—
  I'm sure it's winter fairly.
    Up in the morning's no for me,
      Up in the morning early ;
    When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
      I'm sure it's winter fairly.

"The chorus of this song," observes Burns, "is old; the two stanzas are mine." The old verses are now forgotten; others have been added:—

"O spring-time is a pleasant time,
When green the grass is growing;
And summer it is sweeter still,
When sun-warm streams are flowing.

"But winter it is thrice as sweet,
When frosts bite sharp and sairly:
Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early.

"The thrush sits chittering on the thorn
The sparrow dines but sparely,
The crow longs for the time o' corn—
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

"The plough stands frozen in the fur,
And down the snow comes rarely;
Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early."

.... is ancient and well known in England; it was a favourite with Mary Stuart, Queen of William III.; and on one occasion she nettled Purcell by preferring it to the most scientific compositions. Burns loved the winter season; he found a little rest for his hands, and leisure for the muse.

THE

YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

Tune—" *Morag.*"

I.

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland Rover
Far wanders nations over.
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May heaven be his warden:
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon!

II.

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blithely singing,
And every flower be springing.
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty warden
My youth's returned to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

No one can have any difficulty in guessing whom the Poet desired to shadow forth under the name of the Young Highland Rover; but the fortunes of the Stuarts were not to be mended by either sword or song; a throne was passed from them, of which they were unworthy, and the heart of the nation was not on their side. Jacobitism was long worn as a sort of costume by families in the north; the ladies loved the white rose, and it is not improbable that her Grace the Duchess encouraged the Bard to wish Prince Charles back in Strathspey, and bonnie Castle-Gordon. Morag, the name of the air, corresponds with the lowland Marion.

Songs, in which the white rose of jacobitism flourishes, are numerous. Most of them have been collected into volumes, by my friend the Ettrick Shepherd: they are of various merit: some full of hope and heroics—othe breathe vexation and anger, and many show deep row—more particularly those which recited the sad fortunes of the exiled prince, and his suffering companions.

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.

Tune—"*The Dusty Miller.*"

I.

Hey, the dusty miller,
  And his dusty coat;
He will win a shilling,
  Or he spend a groat.
    Dusty was the coat,
      Dusty was the colour,
    Dusty was the kiss
      That I got frae the miller.

II.

Hey, the dusty miller,
  And his dusty sack;
Leeze me on the calling
  Fills the dusty peck,
    Fills the dusty peck,
      Brings the dusty siller;
    I wad gie my coatie
      For the dusty miller.

The millers of Scotland seem to have been favourites with the rustic muse; various songs in their honour are popular in the land. Our old bards had often recourse to the miller, to augment a squabble or increase the humour of their scenes. King James brings one upon the stage, in his truly dramatic poem of "Christ's Kirk on the Green." Ramsay, also, in his "Monk and the Miller's Wife," makes our dusty friend kind and open-handed. The miller of Dee, too, was a joyous and happy personage. The present strain was modified for the Museum by Burns, and is a very happy specimen of his skill and taste in emendation. Other verses may be found in our collections:—

> "Hey, the merry miller!
> As the wheel rins roun',
> An' the clapper claps,
> My heart gies a stoun;
> Water grinds the corn,
> Water wins the siller;
> When the dam is dry,
> I daute wi' the miller."

The air is cheerful like the words, and was in other days played as a single hornpipe in the Scottish dancing schools.

THERE WAS A LASS.

Tune—" *Duncan Davison.*"

I.

There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
And she held o'er the moors to spin;
There was a lad that follow'd her,
They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh,
Her favour Duncan could na win;
For wi' the roke she wad him knock,
And ay she shook the temper-pin.

II.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn was clear, a glen was green,
Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,
And ay she set the wheel between:
But Duncan swore a haly aith,
That Meg should be a bride the morn
Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith,
And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

III.

We'll big a house—a wee, wee house,
And we will live like king and queen,
Sae blythe and merry we will be
When ye set by the wheel at e'en.
A man may drink and no be drunk;
A man may fight and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And ay be welcome back again.

The old song of this name, sung to the tune of "You'll ay be welcome back again," is much inferior to the Duncan Davison of Burns in wit and delicacy. The Poet took pity on the lively old air, and, brooding over the old words, conceived the present strain, which is full of the graphic spirit of other days. The song has sundry variations,—some of which are better where they are—in oblivion.

THENIEL MENZIE'S BONNIE MARY.

Tune—"*The Ruffian's Rant.*"

I.

In coming by the brig o' Dye,
At Darlet we a blink did tarry;
As day was dawin in the sky,
We drank a health to bonnie Mary.
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

II.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
Her haffet locks as brown's a berry;
And ay, they dimpl't wi' a smile,
The rosy cheeks o' bonnie Mary.

III.

We lap and danced the lee lang day,
Till piper lads were wae and weary;
But Charlie gat the spring to pay,
For kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary;
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

Who "Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary" was, it is now, perhaps, vain to inquire; that she was a lass of spirit, the disaster that befel the plaid of Charlie Gregor sufficiently intimates. The song seems to have been written by Burns, during his first Highland tour, when he danced among the merry ladies of the north all night to the air of "Bab at the Bowster," and went out with a bowl of punch between his hands in the morning to drink a welcome to the god of day rising over the peak of Ben-Lomond. The Poet composed other verses to the same air: it is the well-known melody of that exquisite song, "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch."

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

Tune—" *Bhannerach dhon na chri.*"

I.

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
With green spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair!
But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew;
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

II.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn;
And far be thou distant thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!
Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded Lilies,
And England, triumphant, display her proud Rose:
A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

Burns is a good commentator on his own productions.—"These verses," he says, in his notes on the Museum, "were composed on a charming girl—Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who is now married to James Mackittrick Adair, physician. She is sister to my worthy friend, Gavin Hamilton, of Mauchline, and was born on the banks of the Ayr; but was, at the time I wrote these lines, residing at Harvieston, in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon. I first heard the air from a lady in Inverness, and got the notes taken down for this work (the Musical Museum)."—Though this song has not the off-hand sort of happiness which characterizes many of the lyrics of Burns, it is truly elegant in compliment as well as harmonious in language. The Poet, as has been intimated in his life, was more than an admirer of this young lady; but she refused to be won by the charms of verse, and perhaps suspected the Poet's sincerity—

"Ye gods! would one swear to the truth of a song?"

WEARY FA' YOU, DUNCAN GRAY.

Tune—" *Duncan Gray.*"

I.

WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray—
  Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray—
  Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
When a' the lave gae to their play,
Then I maun sit the lee lang day,
And jog the cradle wi' my tae,
  And a' for the girdin o't.

II.

Bonnie was the Lammas moon—
  Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
Glowrin' a' the hills aboon—
  Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
The girdin brak, the beast cam down,
I tint my curch, and baith my shoon;
Ah! Duncan, ye're an unco loon—
  Wae on the bad girdin o't!

III.

But, Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
Ise bless you wi' my hindmost breath—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,
The beast again can bear us baith,
And auld Mess John will mend the skaith,
And clout the bad girdin o't.

The elder "Duncan Gray," out of which the present song was manufactured by Burns, had no right to be called "a lad o' grace;" for he was rash, outspoken, and unceremonious. The air had a plebeian origin, and the words a touch of the tarred finger. The former was composed by a Glasgow carman, from whose whistling it was noted down. It matters little now who wrote the words, for they have been silenced by the songs of Burns, and may be considered as extinct. The Poet says:—"Duncan Gray is that kind of light horse-gallop of an air which precludes sentiment. The ludicrous is its ruling feature." This song appeared in the Musical Museum; a second version was afterwards written for Thomson.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

Tune—" *Up wi' the Ploughman.*"

I.

THE ploughman he's a bonnie lad,
His mind is ever true, jo;
His garters knit below his knee,
His bonnet it is blue, jo.
Then up wi' my ploughman lad,
And hey my merry ploughman!
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

II.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
He's aften wat and weary;
Cast off the wat, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my dearie!

III.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
And I will dress his o'erlay;
I will mak my ploughman's bed,
And cheer him late and early.

IV.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been at Saint Johnston;
The bonniest sight that e'er I saw
Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.

V.

Snaw-white stockins on his legs,
And siller buckles glancin';
A gude blue bonnet on his head—
And O, but he was handsome!

VI.

Commend me to the barn-yard,
And the corn-mou, man;
I never gat my coggie fou,
Till I met wi' the ploughman.
Up wi' my ploughman lad,
And hey my merry ploughman!
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

It has been said that the last verse of "The Ploughman" should be omitted in future, as it has a double meaning, and hurts the sentiment of an otherwise unexceptionable song. The editor, though intimate with northern songs of all complexions and characters, is

unable to perceive this imputed meaning: the verse is in keeping with the others; a well-spread table is the natural consequence of a young woman's uniting herself to a sober and industrious ploughman. The old words are in Herd's collection; some of them have been adopted by Burns:—

> "The ploughman he's a bonnie lad,
> And a' his wark's at leisure;
> And when that he comes home at e'en
> He kisses me wi' pleasure.
>
> "I will wash my ploughman's hose,
> And I will wash his o'erlay;
> And I will make my ploughman's bed,
> And cheer him late and early.
>
> "Plough yon hill, and plough yon dale,
> And plough yon faugh and fallow;
> Wha winna drink the ploughman's health
> He's but a dirty fallow."

Other verses might be added, but these may be thought sufficient.

LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN.

Tune—"*Hey Tutti, Taiti.*"

I.

LANDLADY, count the lawin,
The day is near the dawin;
Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
And I'm but jolly fou.
Hey tutti, taiti,
How tutti, taiti—
Wha's fou now?

II.

Cog an' ye were ay fou,
Cog an' ye were ay fou,
I wad sit and sing to you
If ye were ay fou.

III.

Weel may ye a' be!
Ill may we never see!
God bless the king, boys,
And the companie!
Hey tutti, taiti,
How tutti, taiti—
Wha's fou now?

Two of the verses of this song are by Burns: the concluding stanza is taken from a political song composed when Charles XII. of Sweden, exasperated by the seizure of Bremen and Verdun, threatened to unite with Russia, ship his iron Swedes for England, and restore the line of the Stuarts. Two verses of this old strain are as follows:—

"Here's to the king of Swede!
May fresh laurels crown his head;
Foul fall every sneaking blade,
That winna do't again.

"When you hear the pipe soun's,
Tuttie tattie to the drums,
Up your swords and down your guns,
And at the loons again."

A far nobler strain, called "Hey now the day daues," is well known to every lover of Scottish song: it is quoted by Gawain Douglas in his 13th prologue to Virgil, and mentioned by Dunbar:—

"Hey now the day daies,
The jollie cok crauis,
Now shrouds the shauis,
Throw nature anone.

"The thissle-cok cryis
On lovers wha lyis,
Now skaillis the skyis,
The night is nigh gon."

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

Tune—" Macgregor of Ruara's Lament."

I.

Raving winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring—
" Farewell hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure ;
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night that knows no morrow!

II.

" O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering;
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to misery most distressing,
Gladly how would I resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee!"

"I composed these verses," says Burns, "on Miss Isabella M'Leod of Raza, alluding to her feelings on the death of her sister, and the still more melancholy death of her sister's husband, the late Earl of Loudon, who shot himself out of sheer heart-break, at some mortifications he suffered owing to the deranged state of his finances." This tragic event took place in the year 1786. "Macgregor of Ruara's Lament" is a Gaelic melody of great beauty, to which verses in that language belong of great force, it is said, and tenderness. It has been attempted in English :—

"From the chase on the mountain
As I was returning,
By the side of a fountain
Malvina sat mourning;
To the winds that loud whistled
She told her sad story,
And the vallies re-echoed—
Macgregor a ruadhri!

"Like a flash of red lightning
O'er the heath came Macara,
More fleet than the roebuck
On lofty Benlara;
O, where is Macgregor?
Say, where does he hover?
Thou son of bold Calmar,
Why tarries my lover?"

HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT

To a Gaelic Air.

I.

How long and dreary is the night
  When I am frae my dearie!
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
  Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
  Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.

II.

When I think on the happy days
  I spent wi' you, my dearie,
And now what lands between us lie,
  How can I be but eerie!
And now what lands between us lie,
  How can I be but eerie!

III.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary!
It was na sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie.
It was na sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie.

Burns, during his excursions in the Highlands, threw himself in the way of the district musicians, and sought the acquaintance of all who were skilful in the native music. In this way he picked up many fine airs; and it has been remarked, that he always selected the finest set of the air. Though not a musician himself, and scarcely a singer, he had a natural tact and taste which served him, instead of scientific acquirements, in judging of Scottish melodies. The air of this affecting song is true Highland: the Poet, as will be found, resumed the subject, and improved upon his first version.

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

Tune—" *Druimion dubh.*"

I.

Musing on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

II.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to nature's law,
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa.

III.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

IV.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me;
Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa!

Burns composed these verses out of compliment to Mrs. M'Lauchlan, whose husband was an officer serving in the East Indies.

BLITHE WAS SHE.

Tune—"*Andro and his Cutty Gun.*"

CHORUS.

Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben:
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
And blithe in Glenturit glen.

I.

By Auchtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

II.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
As light 's a bird upon a thorn.

III.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.

IV.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lowlands I hae been ;
But Phemie was the blithest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.
Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben :
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
And blithe in Glenturit glen.

Beauty and gentleness—and they are seldom separate—were ever welcome to the muse of Burns. He seldom saw a lady with a bright eye, a sweet tongue, and a handsome form, without taking note of her perfections in verse. The heroine of this song, Euphemia Murray of Lintrose, called, in the poetic language of the Scottish mountains, the Flower of Strathmore, happened to forgather with Burns during one of his northern tours, and by her affability and beauty charmed this lyric from him. She accompanied him as one of a small party along the banks of Ern and to romantic Glenturit, and loved to stand by the Poet's side and point out what pleased her in the landscape. From living beauty he took the hint for his song, and happily has he handled the subject; only two lines of the chorus belong to the eldern muse. —"I composed these verses," says the Poet, in his notes on the Museum, "while I stayed at Auchtertyre, with Sir William Murray."

THE BLUDE RED ROSE AT YULE MAY BLAW.

Tune—" *To daunton me.*"

I.

The blude red rose at Yule may blaw,
The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea;
But an auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton me, and me so young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see;
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

II.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
For a' his gold and white monie,
An auld man shall never daunton me.

III.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
His gear may buy him glens and knowes;
But me he shall not buy nor fee,
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

IV.

He hirples twa fauld as he dow,
Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow,
And the rain rains down frae his red bleer'd ee—
That auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton me, and me sae young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see;
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

The Poet had a jacobite song of the same name in his thoughts when he wrote his pithy lyric: some of the old verses are curious and to the point:—

"To daunton me, to daunton me,
D'ye ken the things wad daunton me?
Eighty-eight and eighty-nine,
And a' the dreary years sin syne,
With cess and press and Presbytry,
Gude faith, these were like to hae daunton'd me.

"But to wanton me, but to wanton me,
D'ye ken the things that wad wanton me?
To see gude corn upon the rigs,
An' banishment to a' the Whigs,
An' right restored, where right should be,
O! these are the things that wad wanton me."

There are several variations of the old verses, domestic and jacobitical.

COME BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE.

Tune—"*O'er the Water to Charlie.*"

I.

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
I'll gie John Ross another bawbee,
To boat me o'er to Charlie.
We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

II.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
Tho' some there be abhor him:
But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him!

III.

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
And sun that shines so early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as aft for Charlie.
We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie!

Some of these lines are old, and some of them are from the pen of Burns: the second stanza is his, and most of the third. Many songs on the same subject and to the same air were once current in Scotland: in Hogg's Jacobite Relics another version may be found: there are stray verses, too, worthy of being gathered:—

"We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
The mirkest night will draw to light—
There's sunshine yet for Charlie."

One of the copies takes the song from the lips of a soldier, and gives it to those of a lady. We have President Forbes's testimony to the violent admiration of the Scottish ladies for the exiled prince, and the assurance of Ray that they would not listen to reason, but were jacobites, one and all.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

Tune—" *The Rose-bud.*"

I.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.
Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

II.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

III.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair!
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
  That tends thy early morning.
So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
  That watch'd thy early morning.

The Rose-bud was Miss Jean Cruickshanks, daughter of William Cruickshanks of St. James's square, one of the masters of the High School of Edinburgh. On the same young lady, that sweet and tender poem, beginning—

"Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay,"

was composed. In one of his letters to her father, the Poet says—" I should return my thanks for your hospitality (I leave a blank for the epithet, as I know none can do it justice) to a poor, wayfaring bard, who was spent, and almost overpowered, fighting with prosaic wickedness in high places: but I am afraid lest you burn the letter whenever you came to the passage—so I pass over it in silence. I would send my compliments to Mr. Nicol, but he would be hurt if he knew that I wrote to any one and not to him; so I shall only beg my best kindest compliments to my worthy hostess, and the sweet little rose-bud." The air was composed by David Sillar.

RATTLIN' ROARIN' WILLIE.

Tune—" *Rattlin', roarin' Willie.*"

I.

O RATTLIN', roarin' Willie,
  O, he held to the fair,
An' for to sell his fiddle,
  An' buy some other ware;
But parting wi' his fiddle,
  The saut tear blin't his ee;
And rattlin', roarin' Willie,
  Ye're welcome hame to me!

II.

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
  O sell your fiddle sae fine;
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
  And buy a pint o' wine!
If I should sell my fiddle,
  The warl' would think I was mad;
For mony a rantin' day
  My fiddle and I hae had.

III.

As I cam by Crochallan,
  I cannily keekit ben—
Rattlin', roarin' Willie
  Was sitting at yon board en';

Sitting at yon board en',
And amang guid companie;
Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me!

"The hero of this chant was," says Burns, "one of the worthiest fellows in the world—William Dunbar, Esq., writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, and colonel of the Crochallan corps—a club of wits, who took that title at the time of raising the Fencible regiments." The Rattlin', roarin' Willie of Border song was another sort of person:—

"Our Willie's away to Jeddart,
To dance on the rood-day;
A sharp sword by his side,
A fiddle to cheer his way.
The joyous thairms o' his fiddle,
Rob Roole he handled rude;
And Willie left New-Mill banks,
Red wat wi' Robin's blude."

Willie was pursued by Elliot of Stobbs, and taken sleeping among the broom in one of the links of Ousenam-water. What happened to him may be gathered from another stanza:—

"Now may the name of Elliot
Be cursed frae firth to firth!
He has fettered the gude right hand
That keepit the land in mirth;
That keepit the land in mirth,
And charmed maids' hearts frae dool;
O sair will they want thee, Willie,
When birks are bare at Yule."

BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

Tune—"*Neil Gow's Lamentation for Abercairny.*"

I.

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,
 The lofty Ochels rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
 First blest my wondering eyes;
As one who by some savage stream,
 A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam,
 With art's most polish'd blaze.

II.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
 And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms first survey'd,
 When first I felt their pow'r!
The tyrant death, with grim control,
 May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
 Must be a stronger death.

The heroine of this fine song is Margaret Chalmers. The Poet calls her "one of the most accomplished of women." He stood much in awe of her unaffected modesty and good sense, and tamed down the ruder part of his nature whenever he wrote to her.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

Tune—" *Johnny M'Gill.*"

I.

O, WILT thou go wi' me,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
O, wilt thou go wi' me,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse,
Or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side,
O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

II.

I care na thy daddie,
His lands and his money,
I care na thy kin,
Sae high and sae lordly:
But say thou wilt hae me
For better for waur—
And come in thy coatie,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar!

The air to which Burns wrote this pleasant little song was composed, it is said, by John M'Gill, a fiddler of Girvan, who named it after himself. Other words have been added to the song; but they want the easy air of their elder companions:—

"O, see yon green mountain
  Beneath yon bright star!
O, see yon moon shining
  On turret and scaur!
O, haste thee and mount thee,
  For we maun fly far;
It is time to be going,
  Sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

"O, far have I ridden, love,
  All for to see thee;
Much have I bidden, love,
  All to be near thee;
For he that loves truly
  Maun dree an' maun daur—
So come now or never,
  Sweet Tibbie Dunbar!"

The heroine of the song has never been named, nor has it succeeded in becoming a favourite, though the air is good and the words natural.

STREAMS THAT GLIDE IN ORIENT PLAINS.

Tune—"*Moray.*"

I.

Streams that glide in orient plains,
Never bound by winter's chains;
  Glowing here on golden sands,
There commix'd with foulest stains
  From tyranny's empurpled bands;
These, their richly gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves;
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
    The banks by Castle Gordon.

II.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray,
  Hapless wretches sold to toil,
Or the ruthless native's way,
  Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil:
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave,
Give me the groves that lofty brave
    The storms by Castle Gordon.

III.

Wildly here without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole;
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood:
Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
By bonnie Castle Gordon.

Burns conceived the idea of these verses during his too brief visit to Gordon Castle in 1787: he wrote them down as he hurried on to the south, and enclosed them to James Hoyes, then residing with his Grace of Gordon. The duchess guessed them to be written by Dr. Beattie, and when told they were by Burns, wished they had been in the Scottish language. The captious humour of Nicol, it will be remembered, shortened the stay of the Poet in the north.—"I shall certainly," he says to Hoyes, "among my legacies leave my latest curse on that unlucky predicament which hurried—tore me away from Castle Gordon. May that obstinate son of Latin prose be curst to Scotch mile periods, and damned to seven league paragraphs: while declension and conjugation, gender, number, and time, under the ragged banners of dissonance and disarrangement, eternally rank against him in hostile array!"

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.

Tune—" *Highlander's Lament.*"

I.

My Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strode he on the plain:
But now he's banish'd far away,
I'll never see him back again.
O for him back again!
O for him back again!
I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land,
For Highland Harry back again.

II.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And ay I wish him back again.

III.

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain!
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again.
O for him back again!
O for him back again!
I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again.

"The oldest title," says Burns, "I ever heard to this air, was 'The Highland Watch's Farewell to Ireland.' The chorus I picked up from an old woman in Dumblane; the rest of the song is mine." Part of the farm of Mossgiel bears the name of Knockhaspie's land: the Poet recollected this when he modified the chorus from recitation. It is almost needless to add that "The Highland Watch" is the gallant forty-second regiment and that Highland Harry was Prince Henry Stuart, the last male of the ancient Scottish line. That prince lived to a good old age, and when he died a monument was raised to his memory at the expense of George IV., sculptured by the skilful hand of Canova.

THE TAILOR.

Tune—"*The Tailor fell thro' the bed, thimbles an' a'.*"

I.

THE Tailor fell thro' the bed, thimbles an' a',
The Tailor fell thro' the bed, thimbles an' a';
The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma'
The Tailor fell thro' the bed, thimbles an' a'.

II.

The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill,
The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill;
The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still,
She thought that a tailor could do her nae ill.

III.

Gie me the groat again, canny young man;
Gie me the groat again, canny young man;
The day it is short, and the night it is lang,
The dearest siller that ever I wan!

IV.

There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane;
There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane;
There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
To see the bit tailor come skippin' again.

The rustic muse of Scotland makes merry now and then at the expense of the tailors. A song, which the march of refinement has silenced, commenced thus:—

> "The tailor came to clout the claes
> And he filled the house a' fou o' fleas."

Another, which is now mute, opened sarcastically:—

> "I'll tell ye how the wars began—
> Nine tailors make a man."

Of the present song, the second verse and the fourth are by Burns: the rest is very old: the air is beautiful, and is played by the Corporation of Tailors at their annual elections and processions. Pennycuik wrote a poem in honour of the trade: a tailor, he said, was accounted by this sarcastic world the ninth part of a man, whereas he was even more than a whole one. The chalk, the shears, the thimble, and the thread, when guided by a scientific eye, produced garments of such beauty as hid the imperfections of the human frame, and enabled the lank and the mishapen to assume the port of gods. Even the bard had reason to rejoice:—

> "My breeks were such an arrant clout,
> No longer I could go decent out."

The shears, the needle, and goose do their work so much to his satisfaction that he exclaims, at the close of his meritorious rhyme,—

> "I vow the tailor is more than man!"

SIMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME.

Tune—" *Ay waukin o'.*"

I.

SIMMER'S a pleasant time,
Flow'rs of ev'ry colour;
The water rins o'er the heugh,
And I long for my true lover.
Ay waukin O,
Waukin still and wearie:
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

II.

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm eerie;
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

III.

Lanely night comes on,
  A' the lave are sleeping;
I think on my bonnie lad
  And I bleer my een with greetin'.
    Ay waukin O,
      Waukin still and wearie:
    Sleep I can get nane
      For thinking on my dearie.

Some of the old verses of this song are still held in remembrance; they have a spice of the ridiculous, and also of the gentle:—

"I sat down and wrote
  My true love a letter;
My love canna read
  I love him a' the better;
    Ay wakin oh,
      Wakin ay and wearie;
    Come a pleasant dream,
      Waft me to my dearie."

The first verse is by Burns; the remainder had only the benefit of his revisal. Tytler and Ritson unite in considering this one of our oldest melodies.

BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.

Tune—"*Ye Gallants bright.*"

I.

Ye gallants bright, I red ye right,
  Beware o' bonnie Ann;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
  Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
  Her skin is like the swan;
Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist,
  That sweetly ye might span.

II.

Youth, grace, and love attendant move,
  And pleasure leads the van:
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
  They wait on bonnie Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
  But love enslaves the man;
Ye gallants braw, I red you a',
  Beware o' bonnie Ann!

These verses were written in honour of Ann Masterton, daughter of Allan Masterton, author of the air of "Strathallan's Lament." She is now Mrs. Derbishire, and resides in London. In her father's house the Poet passed many happy evenings.

WHEN ROSY MAY.

Tune—" *The Gardener wi' his paidle.*"

I.

When rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green-spreading bowers,
Then busy, busy are his hours—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.
The crystal waters gently fa';
The merry birds are lovers a';
The scented breezes round him blaw—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

II.

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews he maun repair—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.
When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws of nature's rest,
He flies to her arms he loe's best—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

In other days every trade and vocation had a tune to dance or march to: the air of this song is the march of the gardeners: the title only is old—the rest is the work of Burns. Song was once as natural to man as music is to the birds of the air: but hard work—incessant drudgery rather—has silenced song at the plough—at the loom—in the forge—in the garden—at the carpenter's bench, and at the mason's banker. A song is seldom heard in the land now, save when some ragged wretch raises "a melancholious croon" as he holds out his hat for alms. Perhaps the ploughman still chants an air as he turns his furrow, and the shepherd still sings as he watches his lambs among the pastoral mountains: in the cities music is mute, save when hired: the pale mechanic has so much to endure in keeping his soul and body together, that song is out of the question. Music with him has died into "a quaver of consternation."

BLOOMING NELLY.

Tune—" *On a Bank of Flowers*..

I.

On a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
For summer lightly drest,
The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
With love and sleep opprest;
When Willie wand'ring thro' the wood,
Who for her favour oft had sued,
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And trembled where he stood.

II.

Her closed eyes like weapons sheath'd,
Were seal'd in soft repose;
Her lips still as she fragrant breath'd,
It richer dy'd the rose.
The springing lilies sweetly prest,
Wild—wanton, kiss'd her rival breast;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
His bosom ill at rest.

III.

Her robes light waving in the breeze,
  Her tender limbs embrace;
Her lovely form, her native ease,
  All harmony and grace:
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
  A faltering, ardent kiss he stole;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
  And sigh'd his very soul.

IV.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
  On fear-inspired wings,
So Nelly starting, half awake,
  Away affrighted springs:
But Willy follow'd, as he should,
  He overtook her in the wood;
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
  Forgiving all and good.

A song in Allan Ramsay's collection seems to have suggested this lyric to Burns: the elder Bard spoke with a freer tongue than even the Poet of Kyle. His first verse is as follows:—

"On a bank of flowers
In a summer day,
Inviting and undrest,
In her bloom of youth
Fair Celia lay,
With love and sleep opprest,
When a youthful swain
With admiring eyes,
Wished that he durst
The sweet maid surprise."

The second verse is very free and graphic: the third contains a pretty image —

"All amazed he stood,
With her beauties fired,
And blest the courteous wind,
Then in whispers sighed,
And the gods desired
That Celia might be kind:
When with hopes grown bold
He advanced amain,
But she laughed loud
In a dream, and again
Repelled the amorous swain."

Ramsay says he inserted nothing in his collection capable of raising a blush on the cheek of beauty. The muse has at least grown purer of speech since his day.

THE DAY RETURNS.

Tune—" *Seventh of November.*"

I.

The day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet,
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more—it made thee mine!

II.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give,
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live.
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part,
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

The seventh of November was the anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Riddel, of Friars-Carse; and these verses were composed in compliment to the day. The sense, wit, and loveliness of the lady were sung in the same strain in which the contest for the Whistle is celebrated.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

Tune—" *Lady Badinscoth's Reel.*"

I.

My love she's but a lassie yet,
My love she's but a lassie yet;
We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet.
I rue the day I sought her, O,
I rue the day I sought her, O;
Wha gets her needs na say she's woo'd,
But he may say he's bought her, O!

II.

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet
Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
But here I never miss'd it yet.
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
An' could na preach for thinkin' o't.

Variations abound in this song; some of them are not without merit:—

> "My love she's but a lassie yet,
> My love she's but a lassie yet;
> When she's drap ripe, she's theirs that like,
> She'll no be half sae saucy yet."

Other verses may easily be added; but what is old and clever is sometimes indelicate. These lines are not very objectionable:—

> "We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
> We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
> The piper kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
> And could na play for thinking o't.
> And yon's the moon that's moving, O,
> The hour for maidens loving, O:
> But madam moon, till this bowl's done,
> I'll gang nae mair a roving, O!"

The title and some lines are old; the rest of the song is by Burns. He had many fragments to select from; he took a bit here and a bit there, and pouring his own fancy among them, united them into a consistent song.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

Tune—"*Jamie, come try me.*"

CHORUS.

Jamie, come try me,
Jamie, come try me;
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

I.

If thou should ask my love,
Could I deny thee?
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

II.

If thou should kiss me, love,
Wha could espy thee?
If thou wad be my love,
Jamie, come try me.
Jamie, come try me,
Jamie, come try me;
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

Burns took the idea of this song from an ancient strain, of which these words are only remembered :—

"If ye wad be my love,
Jamie, come try me."

Other songs to the same air supply pleasing variations

"My heart leaps lightly, love,
When ye come nigh me ;
If I had wings, my love,
Think na I'd fly thee.
The bright moon and stars, love,
None else espy thee—
And if ye wad win my love,
Jamie, come try me.'

Stanzas, containing a similar strain of sentiment, abound :—

"I come from my chamber,
When the moon's glowing ,
I walk by the streamlet,
Through the broom flowing :
If ye wad woo me, love,
Wha could deny thee ?
I'm far aboon fortune, love,
When I am by thee."

Tradition has other reliques of this stamp in store but as she is a lady not over scrupulous in her recollections we shall quote no further.

MY BONNIE MARY.

Tune—" *Go fetch to me a Pint o' Wine.*"

I.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie;
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry:
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

II.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

The Poet recited this song to his brother Gilbert, as a relique of the olden minstrelsy, and inquired if he did not think it beautiful?—"Beautiful!" said his brother, "it is not only that, but the most heroic of lyrics. Ah! Robert, if you would write oftener that way, your fame would be surer." Another account says that Gilbert really believed it to be old, and called it an unequalled thing. Burns speaks of it to Mrs. Dunlop as the work of the old Scottish muse; but, in his notes on the Museum, he says:—"This air is Oswald's; the first half-stanza of the song is old, the rest mine." Those, however, who seek in any of our collections for the first half-stanza of the song, will not likely find it. In truth, the whole is believed to be by Burns, and written, it is said, out of compliment to the feelings of a young officer about to embark for a foreign shore, whose ship rode by the Berwick-law, and who was accompanied to the pier of Leith by a young lady—the bonnie Mary of the song.

THE LAZY MIST.

Tune—" *The Lazy Mist.*"

I.

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill ;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear!
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year.
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown :
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues!

II.

How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain !
How little of life's scanty span may remain !
What aspects, old Time, in his progress, has worn !
What ties cruel fate in my bosom has torn !
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!
This life's not worth having with all it can give—
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

All that Burns says about the authorship of "The Lazy Mist" is, "This song is mine." The air as well as the name may be found in Oswald's Collection: but the olden time has no farther claims upon the authorship. When the Poet made his communications to the Museum, he desired Johnson to keep his assistance secret; that he might write with greater freedom, perhaps, and with less of the awe of the world upon him. In the Preface to the second volume of the Museum, Burns says, "The songs contained in this volume, both music and poetry, are all of them the work of Scotsmen Wherever the old words could be recovered, they have been preferred, both as suiting better the genius of the tunes, and to preserve the productions of those earlier sons of the Scottish muses, some of whose names deserved a better fate than has befallen them. 'Buried midst the wreck of things which were'—ignorance or prejudice may perhaps affect to sneer at the simplicity of the poetry or music. but their having been for ages the favourites of Nature's judges—the common people—was to the Editor a sufficient test of their merit."

The song of "The Lazy Mist" is rather a favourite with the Scottish peasantry. The grave and moralizing strain corresponds with the reflecting character of the people.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

Tune—" O mount and go."

CHORUS.

O mount and go,
  Mount and make you ready ;
O mount and go,
  And be the Captain's Lady.

I.

When the drums do beat,
  And the cannons rattle,
Thou shall sit in state,
  And see thy love in battle.

II.

When the vanquish'd foe,
  Sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we'll go,
  And in love enjoy it.
    O mount and go,
      Mount and make you ready :
    O mount and go,
      And be the Captain's Lady.

Part of this song is old, and part of it by Burns: he has not acknowledged it, though Cromek informed me that he saw it among Johnson's papers in the Poet's handwriting. Some of the old verses are curious:—

"I will away,
  And I will not tarry;
  I will away,
  And be a captain's lady.
  A captain's lady
  Is a dame of honour;
  She has her maidens
  Ay to wait upon her;
  Ay to wait upon her,
  And get all things ready.
  I will away
  And be a captain's lady."

The conception of the song is superior to the execution: the dancing measure is difficult to suit with words.

A very eminent author has sneered at the idea of a lady sitting in state and looking at her lover engaged in battle. the picture is, in its nature, chivalrous: a tournament gave the express image conveyed in the verse of Burns: other instances, not only from poetry, but from history, might be adduced to prove the accuracy of the most accurate of all poets.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

Tune—"*Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey*"

I.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
  I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
  The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
  And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
  Is ever wi' my Jean.

II.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
  I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
  I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
  By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
  But minds me o' my Jean.

III.

O blaw ye westlin winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees,
Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale
Bring hame the laden bees ;
And bring the lassie back to me
That's ay sae neat and clean ;
Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

IV.

What sighs and vows amang the knowes
Hae passed atweeen us twa!
How fond to meet, how wae to part,
That night she gaed awa!
The powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet lovely Jean!

Burns wrote this charming song in honour of Jean Armour: he adds archly in his notes—"It was during the honey-moon." The Poet published but the first and second verses: the others are added, not only on account of their beauty, but because they contain a part of the author's history, and deserve to be held in remembrance. They are generally sung by the peasantry.

FIRST WHEN MAGGY WAS MY CARE

Tune—"*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*"

I.

First when Maggy was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married—spier nae mair—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.—
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Bonnie Meg was nature's child;
Wiser men than me's beguil'd—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

II.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we 'gree,
I care na by how few may see;
Whistle o'er the lave o't.—
Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun see't
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

The minstrel muse of Scotland supplied this air with very merry verses, which may be read in Herd; and sometimes heard sung when the punch bowl is reeking, and

> "The noise and fun grow fast and furious."

Few of the verses will bear quotations:—

> "She sent her daughter to the well,
> Better she had gaen hersel;
> She missed a foot, and down she fell—
> Whistle o'er the lave o't."

Burns composed his song to supersede the old verses—and he succeeded. The air was composed, some hundred and odd years ago, by John Bruce, a musician, belonging to the town of Dumfries, whose merits as a player of reel tunes on the violin are still held in remembrance. Old people said that the heaviest foot became light, and the toil-bent frame erect when Bruce drew his best bow—and that he made the fiddle speak the words of the tune as plain as with a tongue. He is celebrated by John Mayne, in his poem of the "Siller Gun."

O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

Tune—" *My Love is lost to me.*"

I.

O, WERE I on Parnassus' hill!
Or had of Helicon my fill;
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee.
But Nith maun be my muse's well,
My muse maun be thy bonnie sel';
On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

II.

Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
I coudna sing, I coudna say,
How much, how dear, I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By heaven and earth I love thee!

III.

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And aye I muse and sing thy name—
I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
Till then—and then I love thee.

The Poet, in this fine song, welcomed his wife to Ellisland: the Nith, his muse's well, was flowing at hand; and Corsincon, his Nithsdale Parnassus, was at no great distance. It was no sooner written than it became popular: copies were much in demand. He presented one to Miss Staig of Dumfries, with the following characteristic note:—"Mr. Burns presents his most respectful compliments to Miss Staig, and has sent her the song. Mr. B. begs to be forgiven his delaying so long to send it; and allows Miss S. to impute the neglect to any cause under heaven, except want of respect for her commands. Mr. B. would just give the hint to Miss S., that should the respectful timidity of any of her lovers deny him his powers of speech, that then she will teach him Mr. Burns' song; so that the poor fellow may not be under the double imputation of being neither able to sing nor say."

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

To a Gaelic Air.

THERE'S a youth in this city,
It were a great pity
That he frae our lasses shou'd wander awa;
For he's bonnie an' braw,
Weel favoured an' a,
And his hair has a natural buckle an' a'.
His coat is the hue
Of his bonnet sae blue;
His fecket is white as the new driven snaw;
His hose they are blae,
And his shoon like the slae,
And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.

II.

For beauty and fortune
The laddie's been courtin';
Weel-featured, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted, and braw;
But chiefly the siller,
That gars him gang till her,
The pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.
There's Meg wi' the mailen
That fain wad a haen him;
And Susie, whose daddy was laird o' the ha';
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy
Maist fetters his fancy—
But the laddie's dear sel' he lo'es dearest of a'.

In his notes on the Museum, Burns says—"This air is claimed by Neil Gow, who calls it a Lament for his Brother. The first half-stanza of the song is old, the rest is mine." It must be borne in mind that the Poet was sometimes summoned hastily to fill up the gaps which time had made in ancient song, and that he supplied the publisher with the first-fruits of his fancy. Yet, even in the most careless of these effusions, there is a happiness of thought or of expression which few can reach by study.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Tune—"*Failte na Miosg.*"

I.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

II.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with sno
Farewell to the straths and green vallies below:
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer:
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

"The first half-stanza," says Burns, "of this song is old, the rest is mine." Of the old song no one has given any specimens; it is said by tradition to be the lamentation of a Highland chief, imprisoned in the Lowlands, who languished for his green glens, his boundless hills, and sylvan liberty. Scott, with his usual happiness, touched on the same sentiment, in describing the singing of the Highland reapers :—

"Oft have I listened, and stood still,
As it came soften'd up the hill;
And deem'd it the lament of men
Who languished for their native glen;
And thought how drear had been such sound
On Susquehana's swampy ground."

Burns had the north of Scotland spirit strong within him. His father was of that land; his language is tinged with that of the district of "The Keith Marischall," and his love of the wild woods and lonesome glens is Celtic rather than Saxon. This accounts for his love of Ossian's poems: no one can properly feel the poetry of those compositions who shares not in the blood of the Gael, and is unacquainted with Highland scenery and Highland chivalry.

JOHN ANDERSON.

Tune—"*John Anderson my jo.*"

I.

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

II.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

The north is fruitful in John Andersons; but none of them can be compared with that of Burns. The old minstrel sings in Percy's Black-Book of Ballads :—

"John Anderson my jo,
Come in as ye gae by;
And ye sall get a sheep's-head
Weel baken in a pie,
Weel baken in a pie,
And the haggis in a pat.
John Anderson my jo,
Come in an' ye's get that."

Brash and Reid gave what they called an improved "John Anderson" from the pen of Burns. The second stanza is clever :—

"John Anderson my jo, John,
When nature first began
To try her cannie hand, John,
Her master-work was man;
And you amang them a', John,
Sae trig frae tap to toe,
She proved to be nae journey-work,
John Anderson my jo."

The hand of Burns is so visible in this verse, that a singer might safely add it, were the song not long enough for the voice already.

OUR THRISSLES FLOURISHED FRESH AND FAIR.

Tune—"*Awa Whigs, awa.*"

CHORUS.

Awa Whigs, awa!
  Awa Whigs, awa!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
  Ye'll do nae good at a'.

I.

Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair,
  And bonnie bloom'd our roses:
But Whigs came like a frost in June,
  And wither'd a' our posies.

II.

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust—
  Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't;
And write their names in his black beuk,
  Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.

III.

Our sad decay in Church and Státe
  Surpasses my descriving;
The Whigs came o'er us for a curse,
  And we hae done wi' thriving.

IV.

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see him wauken;
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin.
Awa Whigs, awa!
Awa Whigs, awa!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae gude at a'.

Burns trimmed up this jacobite song for the Museum, and added some bitter bits: the verses beginning with "Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust," and "Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap," are from his hand. Tradition supplies more:—

"The deil he heard the strife o' tongues,
And rampin' cam' amang us;
But pitied us sae wi' cursed Whigs,
He turned an' wadna wrang us."

The succession of the House of Hanover was long resented by the northern minstrels: the pleasant change of a poor electorate for "kingdoms three" was often hinted; and audacious rhymers averred that George the First was found—

"Sheughing kale and dibbling leeks"

by the messenger who announced the death of Queen Anne.

CA' THE EWES.

Tune—" *Ca' the Ewes to the Knowe*

CHORUS.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie!

I.

As I gaed down the water-side,
There I met my shepherd lad,
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
An' he ca'd me his dearie

II.

Will ye gang down the water-side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide,
Beneath the hazels spreading wide?
The moon it shines fu' clearly.

III.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And naebody to see me.

IV.

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
And ye sall be my dearie.

V.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
And ye may rowe me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie.

VI.

While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
'Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,
Ye sall be my dearie.
Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie!

Much of this sweet pastoral is old; Burns made several changes and emendations in the ancient words, and added the concluding lines. An old verse or so will show the nature of the Poet's alterations :—

> " Yon yowes an' lambs upo' the plain,
> Wi' a' the gear my dad did hain,
> I'se gie thee if thou'lt be my ain,
> My bonnie dearie.
>
> " Come weal, come woe, whate'er betide,
> Gin ye'll be true, I'se be your bride,
> And ye sall row me in your plaid,
> My winsome dearie."

The Poet afterwards mused upon the same subject and air, and produced a pastoral lyric more worthy of his fame than this pieced and patched composition. The scene of the new song is laid in Clouden side, nigh the ruined towers : the flowers and the hazels which flourish in the verse are to be found on the banks of the stream ; and all the singer has to do is to add the figure of some one dear to him, and the picture of the Poet is completed.

MERRY HAE I BEEN TEETHIN' A HECKLE.

Tune—"*Lord Breadalbane's March.*"

O merry hae I been teethin' a heckle,
And merry hae I been shapin' a spoon;
O merry hae I been cloutin a kettle,
And kissin' my Katie when a' was done.
O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing,
A' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
An' a' the lang night as happy's a king.

II.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins,
O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:
Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,
And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave
Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
An' come to my arms and kiss me again!
Drunken or sober, here's to thee, Katie!
And blest be the day I did it again.

Flax-dressing is a dusty business, nor did the Poet love it much, for he but twice alludes to it in his poetry. In his letter to Parker, he says of taste in Nithsdale,

> "Here words ne'er crost the muses' heckles,
> Nor limpit in poetic shackles."

In the song before us he goes no deeper into the mystery. It is put into the mouth of a travelling tinker, whose craft extended to the repairing of pots and pans, clasping of china, making of spoons, and the teething of heckles. The flax-dresser, as he pulls the head or handful of lint across the steel prongs, is apt, if he pulls rashly, to break some of the teeth, which are made of sheer steel. To restore these is to teeth a heckle. Songs peculiar to the tinkers and gipsies are not uncommon in Scotland —a verse or so of one of these rough chants may amuse the reader :—

> "O haste ye an' come to our gate-en,
> And souther the stroup o' my lady's pan;
> For my lord's awa to hunt the doe,
> Quo' the winsome lass o' Gallowa'.
>
> "Now wad ye but leave your gay ladie,
> And carry the tinkling tools wi' me,
> And lie at e'en on clean ait straw,
> My winsome lass o' Gallowa'.
>
> "The fingers which starch my ladies frills,
> Fu' ill could carry your tinkling tools,
> And your pingles wad grime my neck o' snaw—
> Quo' the winsome lass o' Gallowa'.
>
> "Her hair in hanks o' gowden thread,
> O'er her milk-white shoulder was loosely shed,
> And her blythe blue een blinked love an' a',
> My winsome lass o' Gallowa'."

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

Tune—" *The Braes o' Ballochmyle.*"

I.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea,
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the e'e.
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel in beauty's bloom the while,
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the Braes o' Ballochmyle!

II.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr—
Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

Maria Whitefoord, eldest daughter of Sir John Whitefoord, and now Mrs. Cranston, was the heroine of this song; it was written as a farewell to the family inheritance. The scenery is varied and beautiful; the banks of the river are broken into fine dens and glades, and clothed with rich wood—part natural, part planted. The ancestor of the Whitefoords supplied, it is said, the ground work of the character of Sir Arthur Wardour in the Antiquary: one of the family, Caleb Whitefoord, was a small poet and critic, and lived and died in London. Ballochmyle passed into the hands of Mr. Alexander, a gentleman who had enriched himself by trade: it is now the property of his son, who resides almost constantly on the estate, and, by his attention to the condition of his peasantry, supplies worthily the place of the ancient family.

The song was first published in the Musical Museum, to a tune by Allan Masterton.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Tune—" *Death of Captain Cook.*"

I.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
  That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
  My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
  Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

II.

That sacred hour can I forget,
  Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
  To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
  Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
  Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

III.

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene;
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

IV.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

The story of Mary Campbell, and the history of this exquisite song, have been related in the Life of the Poet. She was from Campbell-Town, in Argyllshire, and lived at Coilsfield, in the humble situation of dairy-maid to Colonel Montgomery; she was handsome rather than lovely, and had the neat foot, and the low melodious voice which the Poet loved. Burns was delighted with her good sense, and on Sundays loved to show her his

favourite walks on the banks of the Ayr, in the woods of Coilsfield, and by the stream of Faile, where a thorn is pointed out as connected with their story. Her death, which was sudden, he mourned with much sincerity, and the anniversary of the day on which she died he was observed to be dull and low spirited.

This affecting and sublime ode was the fruit of one of those annual fits of melancholy musing. Mrs. Burns relates that her husband spent the day in the harvest-field, and seemed in his usual spirits; but, as the twilight darkened, he grew sad about something, and at length went out into the barn-yard, and, though the evening was chilly, refused to come in. He strode slowly up and down among his ricks, looking at the sky, which was bright with stars. His wife knew that he was busy musing, and having left him for some time, found him, on her return, stretched among some corn-sheaves, with his eyes fixed on a star, which shone, she said, like another moon. It was now twelve o'clock or more; the Poet walked into his house, and wrote down the song "To Mary in Heaven," as it now stands. It seems to have been composed at the time intimated in the first verse. The Poet requested Johnson to set it to the plaintive air of "Captain Cook."

EPPIE ADAIR.

Tune—"*My Eppie.*"

I.

An' O! my Eppie,
My jewel, my Eppie!
Wha wadna be happy
  Wi' Eppie Adair?
By love, and by beauty,
By law, and by duty,
I swear to be true to
  My Eppie Adair!

II.

An' O! my Eppie,
My jewel, my Eppie!
Wha wadna be happy
  Wi' Eppie Adair?
A' pleasure exile me,
Dishonour defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee,
  My Eppie Adair!

Other verses, corresponding in measure and sentiment with this clever little song, may be found in our collections :—

> " An' O ! my fair one,
> My gentle, my rare one,
> My heart is a sair one,
> O'erladen wi' care.
> Frae pleasure exile me,
> Dishonour defile me,
> If e'er I beguile thee,
> My Eppie Adair !"

It frequently happens, in traditionary song, that a line which gives the title to the air is alone remembered. Eppie Adair was scarcely so fortunate : Burns found the air under the name of " My Eppie," in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, and gave it the benefit of his genius. There is sometimes more true genius visible in these hasty and sketchy things than in elaborate compositions.

THE BATTLE OF SHERRIFF-MUIR.

Tune—"*Cameronian Rant.*"

I.

"O CAME ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
And did the battle see, man?"
I saw the battle, sair and tough,
And reekin' red ran mony a sheugh,
My heart, for fear, gaed sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

II.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
And mony a bouk did fa', man:
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles:
They hack'd and hash'd, while broad-swords clash'd,
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd, and smash'd,
'Till fey men died awa, man.

III.

But had you seen the philibegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man ;
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs
And covenant true blues, man ;
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets opposed the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, 'till, out o' breath,
They fled like frighted doos, man.

IV.

"O how deil, Tam, can that be true ?
The chase gaed frae the north, man ;
I saw myself, they did pursue
The horsemen back to Forth, man ;
And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling winged their flight
But, cursed lot! the gates were shut ;
And mony a huntit, poor red-coat,
For fear amaist did swarf, man !"

V.

My sister Kate cam up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man ;
She swore she saw some rebels run
Frae Perth unto Dundee, man :

Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae good will
That day their neebors' blood to spill ;
For fear, by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose—all crying woes ;
And so it goes you see, man.

VI.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
Amang the Highland clans, man ;
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
Or fallen in whiggish hands, man :
Now wad ye sing this double fight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right ;
But mony bade the world guid-night ;
Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
Wi' dying yell, the Tories fell,
And Whigs to hell did flee, man.

"This poem," says Gilbert Burns, "I am pretty well convinced, is not my brother's, but more ancient than his birth." He might have known that Robert was offended with Barclay, a dissenting minister in Edinburgh, for having handled the Highland clans and chiefs rather rudely, in his rhyming dialogue between Will Lickladle and Tam Cleancogue, on the battle of Sherriff-muir, and hence his modified and improved version. Some of the verses of Barclay have both spirit and humour :—

WILL.

But Flandrekins they have no skill
 To lead a Scottish force, man;
Their notions do our courage spill,
 And put us to a loss, man:
Ye'll hear of us far better news,
When we attack in Highland trews,
And hash, and slash, and smash, and bruise,
Till the field, though braid, be all o'erspread,
But coat or plaid, wi' corpses laid
 In their cold bed—that's moss, man.

TAM.

Twa generals frae the field did run;
 Lords Huntley and Seaforth, man;
They cry'd and run, grim death to shun,
 Those heroes o' the north, man:
They're fitter far for book or pen,
Than, under Mars, to lead on men.

WILL.

The Camerons scoured as they were mad,
 Lifting their neighbour's cows, man;
Mackenzie and the Stewart fled,
 Without phil'beg or trews, man:
Had they behaved like Donald's core,
And killed all those came them before,
Their king had gone to France no more.
Then each Whig saint wad soon repent,
And straight recant the Covenant,
 And rend it at the news, man."

It was not without reason that Burns felt the reverend rhymer had libelled the clans. Their general was unacquainted with their peculiar mode of attack: in the second Rebellion, when Lord George Murray directed the charge, the result was different.

YOUNG JOCKEY.

Tune—" *Young Jockey.*"

I.

Young Jockey was the blythest lad
In a' our town or here awa :
Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,
Fu' lightly danced he in the ha'.
He roosed my een, sae bonnie blue,
He roosed my waist sae genty sma',
And ay my heart came to my mou'
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

II.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost an snaw :
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain,
When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.
An' ay the night comes round again,
When in his arms he takes me a',
An' ay he vows he'll be my ain,
As lang's he has a breath to draw.

Johnson put the letter Z to this song, denoting that it was old, with additions. What is old of it may be found in Oswald's Collection, under the title of—

"Jockie was the blythest lad in a' our town."

With the exception of three or four lines, it is the work of Burns. The Poet often sat down to modify old strains to suit the music, and rose after having penned verses wholly, or almost wholly new. He had no pleasure in allowing an old song to pass through his hands without bestowing upon it a few characteristic touches, to mend the humour and improve the sentiment. Many instances of these felicitous changes have already been given;—many more will yet appear. It will generally be found that he has bestowed life and truth wherever he made an alteration, and that he has obeyed the spirit of the old composition.

O, WILLIE BREW'D.

Tune—" *Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut.*"

I.

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to see:
Three blither hearts, that lee lang night
Ye wad na find in Christendie.
We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

II.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are w
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!

III.

It is the moon—I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

IV.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!
We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

The scene of this song is Laggan, in Dunscore; a small estate which Nicol bought that he might be near Burns; which induced the latter to call him ironically "The illustrious lord of Laggan's many hills." It was composed to commemorate the "house-heating," as entering upon possession of a new house is called in Scotland. William Nicol made the browst strong and nappy; and Allan Masterton, then on a visit at Dalswinton, crossed the Nith, and, with the Poet and his celebrated punch-bowl, reached Laggan

"A wee before the sun gaed down."

The sun, however, rose on their carousal, if the tradition of the land may be trusted.

"We had such a joyous meeting," says Burns, "that Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, to celebrate the business." Allan accordingly composed the air, and Robert wrote the verses. They became almost instantly popular. The punch was made, it is said, by the experienced hand of Nicol, a jovial man and no flincher; and more merry stories, and more queer tales were told on that night, as a person who waited on them

asserted, "than wad hae made a book." It was the pleasure of Nicol, sometimes when at table, to assert that, as a punishment for keeping other than sober company, he was enduring a sort of hell upon earth—nay, he would declare that he was dead and condemned—suffering penal torments—and relate conversations which he had held with the Prince of Darkness concerning friends left behind. These strange sallies had generally an ironical meaning; and once, it is said, when glancing at the Poet's irregularities, the latter exclaimed—

> "Losh man, hae mercy wi' your knatch—
> Your bodkin's bauld."

The bowl in which Willie made the punch for this carousal is formed of Inverary marble, and was wrought for the Poet by his father-in-law, a skilful mason. On the death of Burns it was rimmed and bottomed with silver, and presented to Alexander Cunningham. On his death, after several vicissitudes of fortune, it fell into the hands of my friend Archibald Hastie, of London, who, sensible of the worth and the use of a relic so precious, preserves it with proper care; and duly, on the 25th of January, sets it before a select company of Burnsites, full of the reeking liquor which its great owner loved. An Irish gentleman wished to know, it is said, if gold could buy it; but observing the owner shake his head, exclaimed, "It is very well where it is, but I wished to take it to Ireland with me, for Burns, to be a Scotchman, had more of the right Irish heart about him than any boy that ever penned ballads!"

WHARE HAE YE BEEN.

Tune—" *Killiecrankie.*"

I.

WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad?
  Whare hae ye been sae brankie, O?
O, whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
  Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O?
An' ye had been whare I hae been,
  Ye wad na been so cantie, O;
An' ye had seen what I hae seen,
  On the braes of Killiecrankie, O.

II.

I fought at land, I fought at sea;
  At hame I fought my auntie, O;
But I met the Devil an' Dundee,
  On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
  An' Clavers got a clankie, O;
Or I had fed an Athole gled,
  On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

The battle of Killiecrankie, and the death of Viscount Dundee, require little illustration. With that brave fierce man perished the cause of the Stuarts: he gained the victory over fearful odds, but fell in the moment of obtaining it. When the pursuit slackened, Mackay exclaimed, "Graham is dead!—Graham is dead!" One of the Viscount's veterans who fought in the battle of Sherriff-muir, on perceiving the hesitation of Erskine to attack the centre, after having defeated one of the wings, exclaimed bitterly, "Oh for one hour of Dundee!" His skill in improving an advantage was equal to his courage in obtaining it. Pitcur was a man of equal valour and strength: he fell in the midst of the action.

The character of Graham has been handled with exquisite skill by Scott in "Old Mortality:"—it is at once true and poetic. The same cannot be said of the Claverhouse of Hogg, in the "Brownie of Bodsbeck:"—all that is chivalrous in the nature of Graham is concealed, and all that vulgar tradition has preserved of his atrocities is thrown into strong light. In the first we see a high-souled, fierce, steel-hearted soldier: in the latter a sanguinary ruffian, who loves to shed innocent blood, and triumphs in his disgusting atrocities.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

Tune—"Robie donna Gorach."

The Thames flows proudly to the sea,
  Where royal cities stately stand;
But sweeter flows the Nith, to me,
  Where Cummins ance had high command:
When shall I see that honour'd land,
  That winding stream I love so dear!
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
  For ever, ever keep me here?

II.

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
  Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom!
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
  Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom!
Tho' wandering, now, must be my doom,
  Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
  Amang the friends of early days!

The Poet imagined himself in a distant land; and recalling the romantic hills and lovely valleys of Nithsdale as he mused, composed this sweet song. The Comyns "once had high command" in the district: one of their strong places was at Castledykes, immediately below Dumfries: another was at Dalswinton, a spot of great beauty, now the residence of one more than worthy of being its proprietor—James Macalpine Leny, Esq. Part of Comyn's Castle was standing as late as the year 1794 The walls were twelve feet thick, composed of hewn freestone, and cemented with mortar of such strength that the stones separated any where save at the joints The castle had evidently been consumed by fire Opposite Dalswinton stands The Isle, an old tower surrounded by gardens and orchards Ellisland is farther up the Nith, with Friars Carse, already described, and Blackwood, the property of William Copland, descended from that John Copland who took David Bruce prisoner in the battle of Durham The house of Blackwood stands on a bend of the stream, behind is a lofty hill studded with fine clumps of natural wood, the relics of the old Caledonian forest, before it the Nith winds along a rich extent of holmland, while towards the north, in the middle of the high road from Glasgow, grows that magnificent oak called the "Three Brethren" Three straight, tall shafts spring up at an equal distance from each other, and it is believed that they unite in the ground below they are of similar girth the branches of each are perfectly alike, and the peasantry say there is not a bough nor a leaf on one but the same will be found on the other The three, at a distance, seem one vast tree, of a conical shape.

MY HEART IS A-BREAKING, DEAR TITTIE!

Tune—"*Tam Glen.*"

I.

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie!
Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

II.

I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might make a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen!

III.

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller,
"Guid day to you, brute!" he comes ben:
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

IV.

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men ;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen ?

V.

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten :
But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen ?

VI.

Yestreen at the valentine's dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten ;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen

VII.

The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken ;
His likeness cam up the house staukin,
And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen !

VIII.

Come counsel, dear Tittie ! don't tarry—
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

Tam Glen is the title of an old song and older Scottis air. Of the former nothing remains save a portion the chorus; and the latter is not likely to die, if one the cleverest lyrics of the north can preserve it. Th song no sooner made its appearance than it became favourite: it was sung in the field and at the firesid Husbandman, as he met husbandman, slapped his thig and exclaimed—

"The very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!"

When Burns sent it to the Musical Museum, he like wise furnished Johnson with a preface to the volume, i which he says, "As this is not one of those many pub lications which are hourly ushered into the world merel to catch the eye of Fashion in her frenzy of a day, th editor has little to hope or fear from the herd of readers Consciousness of the well-known merit of our Scottis music, and the national fondness of a Scotchman for th productions of his own country, are at once the editor' motive and apology for this undertaking; and wher any of the pieces in the Collection may, perhaps, b found wanting at the critical bar of the first, he appeal to the honest prejudices of the last."

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE

AIR—" *Carron Side.*"

I.

FRAE the friends and land I love
  Driv'n by fortune's felly spite,
Frae my best belov'd I rove,
  Never mair to taste delight;
Never mair maun hope to find
  Ease frae toil, relief frae care:
When remembrance wracks the mind,
  Pleasures but unveil despair.

II.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
  Desert ilka blooming shore,
Till the fates, nae mair severe,
  Friendship, love, and peace restore;
Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head,
  Bring our banish'd hame again
And ilk loyal bonnie lad
  Cross the seas and win his ain.

Burns, in his notes on the Musical Museum, says of this song, "I added the last four lines by way of giving a turn to the theme of the poem—such as it is." Had the Poet been asked where he found the other twelve lines of the song, I know not what answer he would have made—for they are in none of our lyrical collections. In truth, they speak plainly of his own personal history:—the jacobitical conclusion was an after-thought.

The air of the song is called "Carron Side," and may be found in the eighth volume of Oswald's Collection. The composer has, however, availed himself of some passages from the well-known old air of "Todlen' Hame." It is thus that tunes as well as songs are written. Burns, though ready enough to amend and eke out the eldern strains himself, seemed little disposed to applaud others when they took the same liberties. "A poet," he said, "should mend a song as the Highlander mended his pistol—he gave it a new stock, a new lock, and a new barrel."

SWEET CLOSES THE EVENING.

Tune—" *Craigie-burn-wood.*"

CHORUS.

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O, to be lying beyond thee;
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee!

I.

Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn-wood,
And blithely awaukens the morrow;
But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn-wood
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.

II.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they hae nane for me
While care my heart is wringing.

III.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

IV.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie;
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnnie!

V.

To see thee in anither's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.

VI.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say thou lo'es nane before me;
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee.
Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O, to be lying beyond thee;
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee!

Some five years or so after this song was written, Burns altered it a little, and inserted it in the collection of George Thomson: his changes and omissions wrought no improvement: he, however, very properly left out the words of the chorus, adopted from an old ballad—not remarkable for its beauty. The song was in honour of the charms of Jean Lorimer, then residing at Craigie-burn-wood, near Moffat; and the Poet wrote it to aid the eloquence of a Mr. Gillespie, who was paying his addresses to her. Neither the Poet's verse nor the lover's language prevailed: Jean married an officer, of the name of Whelpdale—lived with him a few months—quitted him, in consequence of great provocation, and then took up her residence in Dumfries, where she had many opportunities of seeing the Poet. The tune was picked up from a country-girl's singing, and is one of the finest of all the airs of Caledonia.

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

Tune—"*Cock up your beaver.*"

I.

Wh*en* first my brave Johnnie lad
  Came to this town,
He had a blue bonnet
  That wanted the crown;
But now he has gotten
  A hat and a feather,—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
  Cock up your beaver!

II.

Cock up your beaver,
  And cock it fu' sprush,
We'll over the border
  And gie them a brush;
There's somebody there
  We'll teach better behaviour—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
  Cock up your beaver!

This is a much amended version of a song partly published by Herd: some of the old lines are not amiss :—

> "Cock up your beaver,
> And cock it na wrang ;
> We'll a' to England
> Ere it be lang."

Burns seems to have glanced, in the second verse, at a sarcastic song directed by the English against the Scots at the accession of the House of Stewart. The man of the south, with all the insolence of wealth, thus questions his northern neighbour :—

> "Well met, Jockie, whither away,
> Shall we two have a word or tway?
> Thou wast so lousie the other day
> How the devil comes you so gay?
> Ha! ha! ha! by sweet Saint Anne,
> Jockie is grown a gentleman.
>
> "Thy belt that was made of a white leather thong,
> Which thou and thy father wore so long,
> Are turned to hangers of velvet strong,
> With gold and pearl embroider'd among.
>
> "Thy bonnet of blue, which thou worest hather,
> To keep thy skonce from wind and weather,
> Is thrown away, the devil knows whither,
> And turn'd to a beaver hat and feather.
> Ha! ha! ha! by sweet St. Anne,
> Jockie is grown a gentleman."

This is a picture of prejudice as well as of costume. The Scotch were not insensible of the advantage of visiting their neighbours besouth the Tweed. One humble pedestrian, on reaching Lancashire, saw several bodies hanging on gibbets: he paused, and exclaimed, "God be praised! I have reached a civilized land at last—here the law is in full operation."

MEIKLE THINKS MY LOVE.

Tune—"*My Tocher's the Jewel*"

I.

O MEIKLE thinks my luve o' my beauty,
  And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin ;
But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie
  My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree ;
  It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee ;
My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller,
  He canna hae luve to spare for me.

II.

Your proffer o' luve's an airl-penny,
  My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy :
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,'
  Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
  Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
  And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

Burns wrote these verses for the Museum to an air by Oswald: the Poet wished them to be sung to a tune called "Lord Elcho's favourite," of which he was an admirer. Readers, acquainted with the Lowlands of Scotland, may perhaps remember rustic rhymes something akin to the last four lines of this song:—

> "I'll set her up on yon crab-tree,
> It's sour and dour, and so is she;—
> I'll set her upon yon bane-dyke,
> For she'll be rotten ere I be ripe."

Burns had an intimate acquaintance with the quaint sayings, the curious remarks, the pithy saws, the moral adages, and the moralizing rhymes of Scotland. He introduces them often, and generally with great happiness. He usually, however, puts them into the mouth of some sage old matron, who performs, to the ardent heroine of the song, the part of "Gude Counsaill" in the old moralities.

GANE IS THE DAY.

Tune—"*Gudewife count the Lawin.*"

I.

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for fau't o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And blude-red wine's the rising sun.
Then gudewife count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin;
Then gudewife count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair!

II.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And simple folk maun fight and fen;
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk 's a lord.

III.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink but deep ye'll find him out.
Then gudewife count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin;
Then gudewife count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair!

Burns supplied the air as well as the words of this song to the Museum. Where he found the former he has neglected to tell us: with respect to the latter, he says in his notes, "The chorus of this is part of an old song, one stanza of which I recollect:—

'Every day my wife tells me
That ale and brandy will ruin me;
But if gude liquor be my dead,
This shall be written on my head—
O gudewife count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin
O gudewife count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair.'"

Other verses of the old ditty still linger in the land—they are not more than decorous.

I once heard an antiquarian say that no sincerely joyous songs had been written since the Reformation. "Todlen Hame" is certainly a later composition; some of the verses cannot be easily matched:—

"When I hae saxpence under my thumb,
Then I'll get credit in ilka town;
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by—
O! poverty parts good company.

Leeze me on liquor, my todlen dow—
Ye're ay sae good humoured when weeting your mou';
When sober ye're sour, and wad fight with a flie,
That 'tis ay a blythe sight to the bairns and me,
When todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame."

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE.

Tune—"*There are few gude fellows when Willie's awa.*"

I.

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was gray ;
And as he was singing, the tears down came,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
The church is in ruins, the state is in jars ;
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars ;
We darena well say't, though we ken wha's to blame,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame !

II.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd.
It brak the sweet-heart of my faithfu' auld dame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
Now life is a burthen, that bows me down,
Since I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown ;
But till my last moments my words are the same—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame !

These words were written to an air called "There are few gude fellows when Willie's awa." Of the old words nothing remains, unless some of them happen to mingle with the lines of Burns. For tampering with the strains of the old rustic minstrels, the Poet has been condemned by all conscientious antiquarians, and applauded by all true lovers of Scottish song. In allusion to this, a lady of the north affirmed that Burns had spoiled all our old songs, and George Thomson all our old music.

The bard was in one of his jacobitical moods when he wrote this fine song; that he was frequently so, his lyrics sufficiently prove. As time passed on, the French revolution, upsetting all established things, and vindicating in theory, if not in practice, the great principle of equality, set opinions welcome to human nature afloat, and a change came over the musings of Burns. In this he was countenanced by many high and low; the high-born Stanhope wrote himself "citizen" as well as the humble-born Joseph Ritson.

HOW CAN I BE BLYTHE AND GLAD?

Tune—"*The bonnie Lad that's far awa.*"

I.

O how can I be blythe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa?
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa?

II.

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw;
But ay the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa.
But ay the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa.

III.

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they hae disown'd me a',
But I hae ane will tak' my part,
The bonnie lad that's far awa.
But I hae ane will tak' my part,
The bonnie lad that's far awa.

IV.

A pair o' gloves he gae to me,
And silken snoods he gae me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that's far awa.
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that's far awa.

"This little lamentation of a desolate damsel," says Jeffrey, "is tender and pretty." It was written, it is said, in allusion to the treatment of Jean Armour by her father, when he heard that she had not dismissed the Poet from her heart, but still kept up a correspondence. Herd's collection supplied him with strains which he has beautified greatly. The old song begins thus:—

"How can I be blythe or glad,
Or in my mind contented..."

The air was unknown to our collections before the days of Burns: he is said to have caught it up from the singing of his mother.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

Tune—" *I do confess thou art sae fair.*"

I.

I do confess thou art sae fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in love,
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak thy heart could move.
I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind,
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

II.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy;
How sune it tines its scent and hue
When pou'd and worn a common toy!
Sic fate, ere lang, shall thee betide,
Tho' thou may gaily bloom awhile;
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside
Like ony common weed and vile.

Sir Robert Aytoun, secretary to Mary and Anne, queens of Scotland, wrote the exquisite song of which these verses of Burns are a modified version.—"I do think," said he, "that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments by giving them a Scots dress." This is almost the only song which he failed to improve: it could not well be altered to advantage:—

"I do confess thou'rt sweet; yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind,
That kisseth every thing it meets;
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.

"The morning rose that untouched stands,
Arm'd with her briars, how sweetly smells!
But plucked and strained through ruder hands,
Her scent no longer with her dwells,
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her one by one.

"Such fate, ere long, wilt thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile;
Like sun-flowers to be thrown aside,
And I shall sigh while some [illegible],
To see thy love for more than one,
Has brought thee to be loved by none."

A monument to Aytoun, surmounted by a very handsome bust, stands in Westminster Abbey.

SENSIBILITY HOW CHARMING.

Tune—" *Cornwallis's Lament for Colonel Muirhead.*'

I.

Sensibility how charming,
  Dearest Nancy! thou can'st tell,
But distress with horrors arming,
  Thou hast also known too well.
Fairest flower, behold the lily,
  Blooming in the sunny ray—
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
  See it prostrate on the clay.

II.

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
  Telling o'er his little joys:
Hapless bird! a prey the surest
  To each pirate of the skies.
Dearly bought the hidden treasure,
  Finer feelings can bestow:
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
  Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

In our lyrical legends, the heroine of this song is said to be the fair Clarinda; the similarity of name, perhaps, has aided in this belief. The song was written for the Museum, and printed in the name of Burns.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

Tune—" *Yon wild mossy Mountains.*"

I.

Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather
to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his
reed.
Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the
heather to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on
his reed.

II.

Not Gowrie's rich valleys, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors;
For there, by a lanely and sequester'd stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.
For there, by a lanely and sequester'd stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

III.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;
For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o'er us unheeded flee the swift hours o' love.
For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o'er us unheeded flee the swift hours o' love.

IV.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share;
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

V.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs?
And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
They dazzle our een as they flee to our hearts.
And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
They dazzle our een, as they flee to our hearts.

VI.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;

And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!
  And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
  O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

"This song," says Burns in his memoranda, "alludes to a part of my private history, which it is of no consequence to the world to know" The heroine is either "Nannie," who dwelt near the Lugar, or "Highland Mary"—most likely the former, for he always spoke out when he alluded to Mary Campbell. It is printed in the Musical Museum

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

Tune—" *The Maid's complaint.*"

I.

It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face,
  Nor shape that I admire,
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
  Might weel awake desire.
Something, in ilka part o' thee,
  To praise, to love, I find ;
But dear as is thy form to me,
  Still dearer is thy mind.

II.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
  Nor stronger in my breast,
Than if I canna mak thee sae,
  At least to see thee blest.
Content am I, if heaven shall give
  But happiness to thee :
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
  For thee I'd bear to die.

These verses were originally in English: Burns bestowed a Scottish dress upon them, and made them utter sentiments connected with his own affections. They were printed in the Museum: the air was composed by Oswald, and is one of his finest.

O SAW YE MY DEARIE.

Tune—" *Eppie Macnab.*"

I.

O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?
She's down in the yard, she's kissin' the laird,
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab !
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab !
Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it soon,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

II.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?
What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?
She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab !
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab !
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

As the old song of Eppie Macnab had more wit than decency, Burns took compassion on the air, and wrote these words—none of his happiest—for the Museum. There is something truly whimsical and original in the idea of many of our old songs. Eppie Macnab is not an exception. Verses of later minstrels on this subject are not scarce :—

"O come now, my dearie,
My Eppie Macnab!
I'm wae and I'm weary
For Eppie Macnab.—
Gae dance on the win',
Gae loup down the linn,
For me thou'lt ne'er win—
Take ye that, Jock Rab.

"O had I ne'er seen thee,
My Eppie Macnab!
O had I ne'er seen thee,
My Eppie Macnab!—
Thou'rt light as the air,
And fauser than fair,
And wilt never see mair
O thy ain Jock Rab."

The mirthsome or the ludicrous suits the names of the heroine and hero better than the staid or the pathetic.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER-DOOR?

Tune—" *Lass an' I come near thee.*"

I.

Wha is that at my bower-door?
O, wha is it but Findlay?
Then gae your gate, ye'se no be here!—
Indeed, maun I, quo' Findlay.
What mak ye sae like a thief?
O come and see, quo' Findlay;
Before the morn ye'll work mischief;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

II.

Gif I rise and let you in?—
Let me in, quo' Findlay;
Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
In my bower if you should stay?
Let me stay, quo' Findlay;
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

III.

Here this night if ye remain ;—
I'll remain, quo' Findlay ;
I dread ye'll learn the gate again ;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
What may pass within this bower,—
Let it pass, quo' Findlay ;
Ye maun conceal till your last hour ;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay !

The air to which this song is set had other words formerly—words which make the gravity of our forefathers a little questionable ; some of the lines may be acceptable as a sample :—

"Lass an I come near thee,
Lass an I come near thee,
I'll gar a' thy ribbons reel,
Lass an I come near thee."

The "Auld Man's Address to the Widow," printed in Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany, is said by Gilbert Burns to have suggested "Wha is that at my bower-door" to Robert : there is no little humour in the old strain: —

"O who is at my chamber door?
'Fair widow, are ye wauking ?'
Auld carle, your suit give o'er,
Your love lies a' in tauking.
ie me the lad that's young and tight,
Sweet like an April meadow ;
'Tis sic as he can bless the sight
And bosom of a widow."

The old wooer is not disconcerted : he artfully lets her hear the chink of gold, and desires his guineas to speak : she suddenly relents, and declares that they express affection better than his tongue.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE.

Tune—" *What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man.*"

I.

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!
Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!

II.

He's always compleenin' frae mornin to e'enin,
He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang,
He's doyl't and he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!
He's doyl't and he's dozin', his bluid it is froze
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

III.

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
  I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows:
  O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!
He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows:
  O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

IV.

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
  I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
  And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
  And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

In the "Pills to Purge Melancholy" the title of the air to this song stands thus:—

"What shall a young woman do with an old man?"

An old strain to the same air makes the heroine threaten her ancient wooer with honours of a nature which few men covet, should he obtain her for his wife. The heroine in the version of Burns proposes a plan of domestic annoyance, which cannot fail to send her husband's gray hairs pretty quickly to the grave. Dr. Blacklock wrote a song to the same air, and at the same time with Burns; the blind bard had not the art of saying much in small compass; his lyric was tediously long, and could not obtain admission into the Museum.

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

Tune—" *Bonnie wee thing.*"

I.

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.
Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

II.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine!

"Composed," says the Poet, "on my little idol the charming lovely Davies." Lord Byron hated "dumpy women;" Burns saw beauty in all; he paid this lovely little lady many pretty compliments, both in prose and verse. Still the praise has reference to her as a portable commodity:—

> "I wad wear thee in my bosom,
> Lest my jewel I should tine."

The air is in Oswald's Pocket Companion. Burns enclosed this song in a letter, and sent it to the lady.—In his hastiest communications he always gives us a glimpse of himself as a man or a poet.—"When I meet with a person," said he, "after my own heart, I positively feel what an orthodox Protestant would call a species of idolatry, which acts on my fancy like inspiration: and I can no more resist rhyming on the impulse than an eolian harp can refuse its notes to the streaming air. A distich or two would be the consequence, though the object which hit my fancy were gray-bearded age: but where my theme is youth and beauty—a young lady, whose personal charms, wit, and sentiment, are equally striking and unaffected—by heavens! though I had lived three score years a married man, and three score years before I was a married man, my imagination would hallow the very idea."

THE TITHER MORN.

To a Highland Air.

I.

THE tither morn,
When I forlorn,
Aneath an aik sat moaning,
I did na trow,
I'd see my Jo,
Beside me, gain the gloaming.
But he sae trig,
Lap o'er the rig,
And dawtingly did cheer me,
When I, what reck,
Did least expec',
To see my lad so near me.

II.

His bonnet he,
A thought ajee,
Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me ;
And I, I wat,
Wi' fainness grat,
While in his grips he press'd me.

Deil tak' the war!
I late and air,
Hae wish'd since Jock departed;
But now as glad
I'm wi' my lad,
As short syne broken-hearted.

III.

Fu' aft at e'en
Wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blythe and merry,
I car'd na by,
Sae sad was I
In absence o' my dearie.
But, praise be blest,
My mind's at rest,
I'm happy wi' my Johnny:
At kirk and fair,
I'se ay be there,
And be as canty's ony.

* "This tune," says Burns, "is originally from the Highlands: I have heard a Gaelic song to it, which I was told was very clever, but not by any means a lady's song." The Poet forgot to add that these verses were his own composition, and that he imitated the northern song in all but its indelicacy. The air, as well as the song, appeared for the first time in the Musical Museum: the former bears a close resemblance in the second part of the tune of "Saw ye Johnnie coming."

AE FOND KISS.

Tune—" *Rory Dall's Port.*"

I.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

II.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.—
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

III.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

"These exquisitely affecting stanzas," says Scott, "contain the essence of a thousand love tales." Byron admired them much, and frequently quoted them. They were inspired, it is believed, by the fair Clarinda, and are worthy of her wit, her talents, and her beauty. They have something of Thomson's feeling in them:—

"For ever, fortune, wilt thou prove,
An unrelenting foe to love;
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Step rudely in and bid us part;
Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish and wish the soul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of love is gone?"

LOVELY DAVIES.

Tune—" *Miss Muir.*"

I.

O how shall I, unskilfu', try
  The poet's occupation,
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
  That whispers inspiration ?
Even they maun dare an effort mair,
  Than aught they ever gave us,
Or they rehearse, in equal verse,
  The charms o' lovely Davies.
Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
  Like Phœbus in the morning,
When past the shower, and ev'ry flower
  The garden is adorning.
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
  When winter-bound the wave is ;
Sae droops our heart when we maun part
  Frae charming lovely Davies.

II.

Her smile's a gift, frae 'boon the lift,
That maks us mair than princes;
A scepter'd hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances:
The man in arms, 'gainst female charms,
Even he her willing slave is;
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Of conquering, lovely Davies.
My muse to dream of such a theme,
Her feeble pow'rs surrender;
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendour:
I wad in vain essay the strain,
The deed too daring brave is;
I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire
The charms o' lovely Davies!

That beauty has been called fortunate which lived in the days of Reynolds; but the pencil of the painter never exhibited loveliness more gracefully than did the pen of Burns. He saw further than the mere May-morn flush of health and bloom; most of his heroines were hand-some and witty. This song on "the charming lovely Davies" was written for the Museum.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

Tune—" *The weary Pund o' Tow.*"

I.

The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow;
I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.
I bought my wife a stane o' lint
As gude as e'er did grow;
And a' that she has made o' that,
Is ae poor pund o' tow.

II.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle low,
nd ay she took the tither souk,
'o drouk the stowrie tow.

III.

Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame,
Gae spin your tap o' tow!
She took the rock, and wi' a knock
She brak it o'er my pow.

IV.

At last her feet—I sang to see't—
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow.
The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow!
I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.

Our Scottish ladies are never represented by the poets as unreasonably addicted to thrift: "a pund o' tow" is now a rare matter among the Scottish cottages; the roke has long since been banished from our firesides, and the wheel is about to follow. In another score of years a woman spinning will likely be a matter of wonder among the northern mountains. The idea of this song is old, and, perhaps, some of the words.

NAEBODY.

Tune—" *Naebody.*"

I.

I HAE a wife o' my ain—
  I'll partake wi' naebody;
I'll tak cuckold frae nane,
  I'll gie cuckold to naebody.
I hae a penny to spend,
  There—thanks to naebody:
I hae naething to lend,
  I'll borrow frae naebody.

II.

I am naebody's lord—
  I'll be slave to naebody;
I hae a guid braid sword,
  I'll tak dunts frae naebody.
I'll be merry and free,
  I'll be sad for naebody;
If naebody care for me,
  I'll care for naebody.

This cheerful air was once encumbered with very idle verses; yet they contained the germ of this little lively, lucky song by Burns; here is an old verse:—

> "I hae a wife o' my awn,
> I'll be hadden to naebody;
> I hae a pot and a pan,
> I'll borrow frae naebody."

He had built his house, committed his seed-corn to the ground, was in the prime, nay the morning of life, and health and hope were on his side: no wonder, therefore, that he broke out into an independent strain. Though he felt that, like Waller, he had but

> "Filled his arms with bays,"

when he caught at the shadow of easy independence which the caresses of the nobles of the north had deluded him with: yet ever and anon visions of comfort, at least, rose before him, and he indulged in the belief, that though his family was increasing, and the money which arose from his works was melting away, fortune would turn up for him a bright spoke of her inconstant wheel.

O, FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM!

Tune—" *The Moudiewort.*"

CHORUS.

An O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam,
An hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam,
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

I.

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam!
But three short years will soon wheel roun'—
And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.

II.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I need na spier,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

III.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie—there's my loof—
I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam.
An O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
An hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

The Poet, in his memoranda on the Museum, says simply, "This song is mine." It was composed on a story common to all countries; a young girl of rich expectations was pressed by her friends to "make mickle mair," and marry an old and wealthy wooer in preference to one handsome and young, on whom she had placed her affections. The entreaties of her relations only hastened the catastrophe; she gave her hand and fortune to worthy Tam as soon as twenty-one made her mistress of both.

The song was written for an old air called the "Moudiewort:" the tune is not unpleasant; words are still attached to it, which it is safer to allude to than quote. Those who wish to abate their immodesty, would do well to

"Consult some learned clerk."

KENMURE'S ON AND AWA.

Tune—" *O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie.*"

I.

O KENMURE's on and awa, Willie!
O Kenmure's on and awa!
And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord,
That ever Galloway saw.

II.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
Success to Kenmure's band;
There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

III.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!
Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

IV.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!
O Kenmure's lads are men;
Their hearts and swords are metal true—
And that their faes shall ken.

V.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,
They'll live or die wi' fame;
But soon wi' sounding victorie,
May Kenmure's lord come hame.

VI.

Here's him that's far awa, Willie!
Here's him that's far awa;
And here's the flower that I love best—
The rose that's like the snaw!

It is difficult to determine whether to ascribe this song wholly to Burns, or to give to his pen only the second and third stanzas. That it is partly old I never heard doubted; and that it refers to the fortunes of the gallant Gordons of Kenmure, in the fatal "Fifteen," is quite evident. The Viscount left Galloway with two hundred horsemen well armed; he joined the other lowland jacobites—penetrated to Preston—repulsed, and at last yielded to the attack of General Carpenter—and perished on the scaffold. He was a good as well as a brave man, and his fate was deeply lamented. The title has since been restored to the "Gordon's line." Burns, as may be seen in his correspondence, was, once at least, an invited guest at Kenmure.

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

Tune—" *The Collier Laddie.*"

I.

Where live ye, my bonnie lass?
An' tell me what they ca' ye;
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
And I follow the Collier Laddie.
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
And I follow the Collier Laddie.

II.

See you not yon hills and dales,
The sun shines on sae brawlie!
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.

III.

Ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gaudy;
And ane to wait on every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.
And ane to wait on every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.

IV.

Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly;
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier Laddie.
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier Laddie.

V.

I can win my five pennies in a day,
And spen 't at night fu' brawlie;
And make my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.
And make my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.

VI.

Luve for luve is the bargain for me,
Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me;
And the world before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie.
And the world before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie.

These words were transmitted to the Museum by Burns; he probably wished them to pass for verses of an older day; they are chiefly, however, from his own hand. The last verse is a fine one. The Poet, it must be admitted, was a skilful seeker of old songs; when an air wanted words, Johnson gave the Bard of Kyle a line or a chorus by way of sample, and a genuine old song to suit was soon found.

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME.

I.

The noble Maxwells and their powers
Are coming o'er the border,
And they'll gae bigg Terreagle's towers,
An' set them a' in order.
And they declare Terreagle's fair,
For their abode they chuse it;
There's no a heart in a' the land,
But's lighter at the news o't.

II.

Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
And angry tempests gather;
The happy hour may soon be near
That brings us pleasant weather:
The weary night o' care and grief
May hae a joyful morrow;
So dawning day has brought relief—
Fareweel our night o' sorrow!

The Maxwells were once the most powerful family in all the south of Scotland: even within the memory of persons yet alive, seventy gentlemen of that name possessed fine mansions and fair estates in Dumfries-shire and Galloway. The family rose on the fall of the great house of Douglas: a feud with the Annandale Johnstons cost them three earls: the wars of Charles and his parliament were very injurious—the rebellion of 1716 deprived them of the title—and the truly noble name is no longer numbered with our nobility. Terreagles-house stands at the foot of a fine range of green and lofty hills. it was built in the days of the Poet, and to this the song alludes.

A song of a ruder sort concerning "The Maxwell" is not unknown to the peasantry. The rustic rhymer has imagined a female domestic of the family coming to Nithsdale with the tidings of the earl's escape from the Tower: the joy of the tenantry knows no bounds—

"We'll sell all our corn, cummer,
  Syne will we a' our bear,
And send to our leal lord
  All our hained gear.

"Make the piper blaw, cummer,
  Make the piper blaw,
And gar the lads and lasses baith
  Their souple shanks shaw.

"We'll a' be glad, cummer,
  We'll a' be glad,
And sing the Stuart's back again,
  To put the Whigs mad."

AS I WAS A-WANDERING.

Tune—" *Rinn Meudial mo Mhealladh.*"

I.

As I was a-wand'ring ae midsummer e'enin',
The pipers and youngsters were making their game ;
Amang them I spied my faithless fause lover,
Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolour again.
Weel since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him ;
I may be distress'd, but I winna complain ;
I flatter my fancy I may get anither,
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

II.

I couldna get sleeping till dawin for greetin',
The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain :
Had I na got greetin', my heart wad a broken,
For, oh ! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.

III.

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,
  I dinna envy him the gains he can win;
I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow
  Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.
Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him,
  I may be distress'd, but I winna complain;
I flatter my fancy I may get anither,
  My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

The air to which these affecting words were written is good old Highland, and the title means, "My love did deceive me." It was found by Burns during his last northern tour, and found—as all Gaelic melodies are—accompanied by verse. The original was rendered into English by an Inverness-shire lady, and from her version he made these stanzas. They were printed in the fourth volume of the Musical Museum: Fraser, not aware perhaps that the tune was in Johnson, introduced it into his collection of original Highland airs, with an intimation that he had preserved it in all probability from perishing. No doubt many sweet old airs, and many noble old oral verses, are known about the north "in mainland and isle." With every old man that dies something perishes which we would gladly remember.

BESS AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

Tune—"*The sweet lass that lo'es me.*"

I.

O LEEZE me on my spinning-wheel,
O leeze me on my rock and reel;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
O leeze me on my spinning-wheel!

II.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white,
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest:
The sun-blinks kindly in the biel',
Where blithe I turn my spinning-wheel

III.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays:
The craik amang the clover hay,
The paitrick whirrin o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

IV.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel?

The melody to which Burns composed these verses was written by Oswald, and named "The sweet Lass that lo'es me." The theme is a favourite one with the Poet—virtue and thrift. The heroine rejoices in her rustic independence; her wheel and reel are her truest friends, and clothe her and fill her cottage with comforts. Nor is she insensible to rural loveliness; her house stands among trotting streams; and birds sing and cushats

wail on the bushes and trees around her. Machinery has stopt the spinning-wheel, and taken the distaff from the bosoms of our lasses; on the rivulet side, now, no white-armed girls sing as they lave water on their mother's webs; nor wear linsey-woolsey gowns of their own making—a shining and glossy gray,

> "Which glanced in a' our lads' een"

as they walked kirkward.

Rustic abundance, as well as domestic thrift, is the theme of many a lyric: one of our half-forgotten songs, says—

> "This is no my ain house,
> I ken by the biggin o't;
> Bread and cheese are my door cheeks,
> And pancakes the riggin o't."

While, in another lyric, the hero appears with his person adorned like a dinner-table. Who knows not the song of "Aikendrum," whose coat was made of the good roast beef; the buttons of "bawbee baps," and his breeches of the identical bag in which Scotland prepares that daintiest of all dishes—a haggis.

O LUVE WILL VENTURE IN.

Tune—"*The Posie.*"

I.

O LUVE will venture in
Where it daurna weel be seen;
O luve will venture in
Where wisdom aince has been;
But I will down yon river rove,
Among the wood sae green—
And a' to pu' a posie
To my ain dear May.

II.

The primrose I will pu',
The firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink,
The emblem o' my dear;
For she's the pink o' womankind,
And blooms without a peer—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

III.

I'll pu' the budding rose,
  When Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss
  O' her sweet bonnie mou';
The hyacinth for constancy,
  Wi' its unchanging blue—
And a' to be a posie
  To my ain dear May.

IV.

The lily it is pure,
  And the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom
  I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity,
  And unaffected air—
And a' to be a posie
  To my ain dear May.

V.

The hawthorn I will pu'
  Wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man,
  It stands at break of day.
But the songster's nest within the bush
  I winna tak away—
And a' to be a posie
  To my ain dear May.

Similar sentiments inspired Meleager in his "Heleodora's Garland," thus translated by Professor Wilson :—

> "I'll twine white violets, with soft myrtles too
> Narcissus twine, hyacinth of purple hue
> Twine with sweet crocus, laughing lilies twine
> With roses, that to lovers hopeful shine;
> So that on Heleodora's perfumed head,
> A wreath her beauteous ringlets may flower-spread."

"The feeling of the Greek lines," says Wilson, "is tender, and the expression perfect; but we cannot say more of the feeling than that it is a natural tenderness, inspired by the mingled breath of Heleodora and her garland. The tenderness is mixed, too, it may be said, with pride and homage. Meleager does the thing gracefully; we see his figure in an imposing posture, as he fixes the wreath on her head. But compare the courtier with the clown—Meleager with Burns. By the banks of every stream in Coila had bold bright Bobby walked, with his arm round some sweetheart's waist, and helped her to pull the primrose or the hawthorn,

> 'In many a secret place,
> Where rivulets danced their wayward round,
> And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
> Did pass into her face.'

"The Scot surpasses the Greek in poetry as well as passion—his tenderness is more heartfelt—his expression is even more exquisite; for the most consummate art, even when guided by genius, cannot refine and burnish, by repeated polishing, the best selected words, up to the breathing beauty that, warm from the fount of inspiration, sometimes colours the pure language of nature."

COUNTRY LASSIE.

Tune—" *The Country Lass.*"

I.

In simmer, when the hay was mawn,
  And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
  And roses blaw in ilka bield;
Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
  Says—I'll be wed, come o't what will;
Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild—
  O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

II.

It's ye hae wooers mony ane,
  And, lassie, ye're but young ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale,
  A routhie butt, a routhie ben:
There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
  Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
  It 's plenty beets the luver's fire.

III.

For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
I dinna care a single flie ;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae luve to spare for me :
But blithe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink o' him I wad na gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

IV.

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught ;
The canniest gate, the strife is sair ;
But ay fu' han't is fechtin best,
An hungry care's an unco care :
But some will spend, and some will spare,
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will ;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

V.

O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye ;
But the tender heart o' leesome luve,
The gowd and siller canna buy ;
We may be poor—Robie and I,
Light is the burden luve lays on ;
Content and luve brings peace and joy—
What mair hae queens upon a throne ?

The "Country Lassie" has the air and tone of the ancient lyrics of Caledonia. It hovers between the dramatic and the sentimental, and partakes of the character of both. Our old songs abound with conversations, and questions, and replies; sometimes wedded infelicity is the theme, and the dialogue turns upon the experiences of domestic life, in which the sharp sarcastic tongue of the lady gains the victory—sometimes the husband, in his attempt to conduct the internal economy of his house, fails, and humbles himself before his triumphant spouse; while, in others, it rises into a strain of lyrical thanksgiving for the relief which death has brought to wedded sufferers of either sex.

In the present song, a dame of wrinkled eild takes upon her the duty of monitress, and it cannot be said that she fails to make out a capital case in favour of a prudent match; she asserts, with the wooer in Allan Ramsay,—

> "There's mickle true love in bonds and bags,
> And gowd an' siller's a sweet complexion."

The Poet has made a liberal use of proverb lore; the fourth verse consists wholly of warning saws and antique sayings; the gray dame who uses them makes happiness of the household of Mammon. In former times, before money was plentiful, it is said that a wooer waded the Nith to the Isle beside Ellisland, and made an offer for the hand of a farmer's daughter: the young woman received his addresses with a sort of sarcastic coldness; her father approached, and rounded in her ear, "Look at him twice, Jenny; look at him twice—he's weel arrayed—he has twa tap-coats and a plaid on!"

FAIR ELIZA.

A Gaelic Air.

I.

Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink before we part,
Rew on thy despairing lover!
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise!

II.

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended?
The offence is loving thee:
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine wad gladly die?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe;
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

III.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sunny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon;
Not the poet, in the moment
Fancy lightens on his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me.

The original title of this song was "Fair Rabina:" the heroine was a young lady to whom one of the Poet's friends was attached, and Burns wrote it in compliment to his passion. Johnson, the proprietor of the Museum, disliked the name, and, desiring to have one more suitable for singing, the Poet unwillingly exchanged it to Eliza. Burns thought very well of the composition, and said he had tasked his muse to the top of her performing. It is to be regretted that this change took place: it was something of a fraud, for it robbed the fair Rabina of an honour of which any one might be justly covetous, and bestowed it upon a shadowy dame of the fancy.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

Tune—" *Ye Jacobites by name.*"

I.

Ye jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear;
Ye jacobites by name, give an ear;
Ye jacobites by name,
Your fautes I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I maun blame—
You shall hear.

II.

What is right and what is wrang, by the law, by the law?
What is right and what is wrang by the law?
What is right and what is wrang?
A short sword and a lang,
A weak arm, and a strang
For to draw.

III.

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, fam'd afar?
What makes heroic strife fam'd afar?
What makes heroic strife?
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a parent's life
Wi' bluidie war.

IV.

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state;
Then let your schemes alone in the state;
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone
To his fate.

Burns founded this song on some old verses, in which it was intimated that the extinction of the House of Stuart was sought for by other weapons than the sword. It cannot be denied that if the House of Hanover had the affection of the people and the law of the land on their side, that the exiled princes had the best poetry. This may be accounted for: the romantic adventures, daring exploits, and deep sufferings of Prince Charles, enlisted sympathy on his side; and the minstrels, regarding his fate and that of his brave companions as furnishing matter for poetry only, sung with a pathos and a force which will likely be long remembered. It would seem by the last verse that Burns looked upon the cause as hopeless.

The air is very popular, and has been compelled to bear the burthen of much indifferent verse. The muse of a schoolmaster in Galloway, when Paul Jones made a descent on the coast, raised her voice and sung:—

"You have heard of John Paul Jones, have you not, have you not,
You have heard of John Paul Jones, have you not?"

And Hector Macniell chanted:—

"My love's in Germanie, send him hame, send him hame;
My love's in Germanie, send him hame;
My love's in Germanie,
Fighting for loyaltie,
He may ne'er his Jeanie see—
Send him hame."

THE BANKS OF DOON.

FIRST VERSION.

I.

YE flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
  How can ye bloom sae fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
  And I sae fu' o' care!

II.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
  That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
  When my fause luve was true.

III.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
  That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
  And wist na o' my fate.

IV.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon
  To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love;
  And sae did I o' mine.

V.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause luver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

The late Robert Cromek, who, without being either painter or poet, had a fine taste in poetry and art, found this version among the letters of the Poet, and admitted it into the Reliques. Whenever the genius of Burns was a topic of conversation, he loved to descant on the exquisite simplicity and force of his sentiments and language, and generally instanced the last two verses of the first copy of the "Banks of Doon" as a fine specimen of his natural powers. In this he differed from the author of a criticism in Cumberland's Review, who made the world stare by affirming that Burns was rather a namby-pamby sort of versifier, and instancing the song of the "Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon" as a specimen of his weakness. Perhaps the Bard of Ayr has sinned less that way than any other poet in our isle; he is, in truth, all vigour and manliness: but simplicity is sometimes mistaken for weakness, and calmness for coldness; while a "double-double-toil-and-trouble" of words is looked upon as something muscular and forcible. Simplicity is the last attainment generally, when it should be the first, both in art and literature.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

SECOND VERSION.

Tune—" *Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*"

I.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
  How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
  And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
  That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
  Departed—never to return!

II.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
  To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
  And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
  Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luver stole my rose,
  But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

The history of the air to which the "Banks o' Doon" was composed is curious. It happened that James Miller, a writer in Edinburgh, was in company with Stephen Clarke the musician: the conversation turned upon the beauty of the Scottish airs, when Miller declared he would like much to make one. Clarke, in a jocular way, told him that nothing was more easy—he had only to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord—preserve some kind of rhythm—and the result would be a true Scottish air. What the musician meant for a joke, Miller took seriously. To the harpsichord he went, and applied his fingers with such success to the black keys, that he speedily produced his tune, which, on receiving two or three touches from Clarke, was given to the world—and with such applause, that Burns re-modelled his "Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doon," and adapted it to the air—at the expense somewhat of its simplicity.

An Ayrshire legend says that the heroine of this affecting song was Miss Kennedy of Dalgarrock, a young creature, beautiful and accomplished, who fell a victim to her love for M'Douall of Logan. All the earlier songs of Burns were founded in truth.

WILLIE WASTLE.

Tune—" *The eight men of Moidart.*"

I.

WILLIE Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they call'd it Linkum-doddie,
Willie was a wabster guid,
 Cou'd stown a clue wi' onie bodie;
He had a wife was dour and din,
 O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad nae gie a button for her.

II.

She has an e'e—she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
 A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller:
A whiskin' beard about her mou',
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad nae gie a button for her.

III.

She's bow hough'd, she's hem shinn'd,
  Ae limpin' leg, a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
  To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump upon her breast,
  The twin o' that upon her shouther—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
  I wad nae gie a button for her.

IV.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
  An' wi' her loof her face a-washin';
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
  She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
  Her face wad fyle the Logan-Water—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
  I wad nae gie a button for her.

The [illegible] of this song owes his name perhaps to that doughty personage who replied to the summons of Oliver Cromwell:—

> "I'm Willie o' the Wastle,
> I'll keep in my castle;
> An' a' the dogs in your town
> Shanna ding me down."

The heroine is said to have been a much humbler individual; namely, the wife of a farmer who lived near

Burns at Ellisland. She was a very singular woman: tea, she said, would be the ruin of the nation; sugar was a sore evil; wheaten bread was only fit for babes; earthenware was a pickpocket; wooden floors were but fit for threshing upon; slated roofs, cold; feathers, good enough for fowls; in short, she abhorred change, and whenever any thing new appeared, such as harrows with iron teeth—"Aye, aye," she would exclaim, "ye'll see the upshot!"

Of all modern things she disliked china most; she called it "burnt clay," and said it was only fit for "hauding the broo o' stinking weeds," as she called tea. On one occasion, a southern dealer in cups and saucers asked so much for his ware that he exasperated a peasant, who said "I canna purchase, but I ken ane that will:" "Gang there," said he, pointing to the house of Willie's wife:—"dinna be blate or burd-mouthed; ask a gude penny—she has the siller." Away went the poor dealer, spread out his wares before her, and summed up all by asking a double price. A blow from her crummock was his instant reward, which not only fell on his person, but damaged his china.—"I'll learn ye," quoth she, as she heard the saucers jingle, "to come with yere brazent English face, and yere bits o' burnt clay to me!" She was an unlovely dame—her daughters, however, were beautiful.

LADY MARY ANN.

Tune—" *Craigtown's growing.*"

I.

O, Lady Mary Ann
Looks o'er the castle wa',
She saw three bonnie boys
Playing at the ba';
The youngest he was
The flower amang them a'
My bonnie laddie's young,
But he's growin' yet.

II.

O father! O father!
An' ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year
To the college yet:
We'll sew a green ribbon
Round about his hat,
And that will let them ken
He's to marry yet.

III.

Lady Mary Ann
Was a flower i' the dew,
Sweet was its smell,
And bonnie was its hue;
And the langer it blossom'd
The sweeter it grew;
For the lily in the bud
Will be bonnier yet.

IV.

Young Charlie Cochran
Was the sprout of an aik;
Bonnie and bloomin'
And straught was its make:
The sun took delight
To shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag
O' the forest yet.

V.

The simmer is gane
When the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa
That we hae seen;
But far better days
I trust will come again,
For my bonnie laddie's young,
But he's growin' yet.

The third and fourth verses of this song are in the happiest manner of Burns. An old ballad, called "Craigtown's growing," was chanted to him in one of his Highland excursions: he caused the tune to be noted down, and, musing over the old rhyme, produced "Lady Mary Ann," and sent both music and words to the Museum. During the short career of Burns, he did much for the lyrical glory of Scotland; wherever he went, his ear was open to the music of the district, and to the local songs of the land. He communicated many airs to Johnson, and on all occasions displayed a sympathy for music, which showed how much he was under its influence. In a conversation with Sir Walter Scott I alluded to this, and inquired if The Minstrel felt the same sort of fascination? He loved music much, he said, but he never could sing. I answered in the words of Burns:—

"Crooning to a body's sel' does weel enough!"

"Aye!" he said, "but I cannot even croon; in truth, I cannot utter a sound that any honest man dare call musical." His works show how much he was inspired with it, nevertheless; many passages are in every respect lyrical. Music is cultivated, during the winter time, among the peasantry of Scotland, and psalmody is taught along with the native lyrics. All the youth, too, are instructed in dancing; few natives of the north can be found who are ignorant of music and dancing.

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.

Tune—" *A parcel of rogues in a nation.*"

I.

Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory,
Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
Sae fam'd in martial story.
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

II.

What force or guile could not subdue,
Thro' many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station;
But English gold has been our bane—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

III.

O would, or I had seen the day
That treason thus could fell us,
My auld gray head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak' this declaration;
We're bought and sold for English gold—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

Burns has expresssed sentiments in this song which were once popular in the north. The advantages of an union which deprived Scotland of all the visible symbols of power and independence, were not for forty years at least perceived by the people: they only saw the mansions of their nobles empty, grass growing in the parliament close, and felt that the little wealth which belonged to the land was flowing off to the south. Those whom the Union allured to London were made to feel their dependant condition more keenly: they were received with suspicion and distrust by a proud and haughty people; they were treated as foreigners, rather than as men who visited their own capital. England, like the termagant dame in the Poet's verse, allowed her spouse to have "no will but by her high permission." A rebellion, conducted by a weak and wavering chief, which caused the scaffolds to reek with blood and provoked England, made matters worse; nor was it till a handful of desperate men shook the throne of Britain in two triumphant battles, and advancing to Derby,

"With fear of change perplexed monarchs,"

that Scotchmen were allowed to have the benefit of an union which had been forced upon them. The Poet, who loved Scotland as his own heart's blood, in musing upon the profligate sellers and buyers of his country, indignantly sung—

> "We're bought and sold for English gold—
> Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!"

Nor has Scott written less strongly: he is speaking of the northern statesmen.—"When they united with the degradation of their country the prospect of obtaining personal wealth and private emoluments, we cannot acquit them of the charge of having sold their own honour and that of Scotland."—"I have already mentioned," he elsewhere says, "the sum of twenty thousand pounds, which was apportioned to the commissioners who originally laid the basis of the treaty. I may add there was another sum of twenty thousand pounds employed to secure to the measures of the court the party called the Squadróne Volante. The account of the mode in which this last sum was distributed has been published: and it may be doubted whether the descendants of the noble lords and honourable gentlemen who accepted this gratification would be more shocked at the general fact of their ancestors being corrupted, or scandalized at the paltry amount of the bribe. One noble lord accepted so low a sum as eleven guineas: and the bargain was the more hard, as he threw his religion into the bargain, and from Catholic turned Protestant, to make his vote a good one."

THE CARLE OF KELLYBURN BRAES.

Tune—" *Kellyburn Braes.*"

I.

THERE lived a carle on Kellyburn braes,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
And he had a wife was the plague o' his days;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

II.

Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
He met wi' the devil; says, " How do yow fen?"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

III.

" I've got a bad wife, sir; that's a' my complaint;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

" It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

V.

"O welcome, most kindly," the blythe carle said,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
"But if ye can match her, ye're waur nor ye're ca'd,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

VI.

The devil has got the auld wife on his back;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
And, like a poor pedlar, he's carried his pack;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

VII.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
Syne bade her gae in, for a b—h and a w—e,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

VIII.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

IX.

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
Whae'er she gat hands on came near her nae mair;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime

X.

A reekit wee devil looks over the wa';
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
" O, help, master, help, or she'll ruin us a',
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

XI.

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
He pitied the man that was tied to a wife;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

XII.

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
He was not in wedlock, thank heav'n, but in hell;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

XIII.

Then Satan has travelled again wi' his pack;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
And to her auld husband he's carried her back;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

XIV.

" I hae been a devil the feck o' my life;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
But ne'er was in hell, till I met wi' a wife;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

When Cromek desired Mrs. Burns to inform him respecting the songs which her husband had eked out or amended in the Museum, she ran her finger, he said, along the pages saying, "Robert gae this ane a brushing; and this ane gat a brushing also." But when she came to the "Carle of Kellyburn Braes," she exclaimed, "He gae this ane a terrible brushing." The skeleton, so to speak, of the song is old: but, like a crab-stock, it has been compelled to bear a richer fruit than pertains to its original nature. The emendations and additions by Burns are numerous; the eleventh and twelfth verses are wholly his; entire lines, half-lines, and sometimes a line and a half are from his pen, the discovery of which may be left to the sagacity of the reader.

Other versifiers have tried their hands on the subject, and the result is sundry additional verses wearing the hue and impressed with the character of the old strain. Satan carries the carlie to his "lowing heugh:"—

> "He clint it her down in his mickle arm-chair,
> (Hey! and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
> And thousands o' devils come round her to stare:
> And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prune.
>
> "But ay as they at the auld carlin played pouk,
> (Hey! and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
> She gied them a ban and she lent them a clout;
> And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

The stir which she makes excites something like a civil war in hell; and the devil, afraid of the stability of his empire, seizes the carlin, and carrying her suddenly to upper air, finds her husband at the plough, cheering himself with a song:—

> "And aye as the auld carle ranted and sang,
> (Hey! and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
> In troth, my auld Spunkie, ye'll no keep her lang;
> And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

On observing Satan advancing, the poor man looked

sad, and hoped he was not bringing her back: Cloots makes answer:—

> "I tried her in spunks and in cauldrons I tried her,
> (Hey! and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
> The wale of my brimstone wadna hae fried her;
> And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.
>
> "I stapped her into the neuk o' my den,
> (Hey! and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
> But the very damned ran when the carlin gaed ben;
> And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

The old minstrel seems to have been related to the west-country mason, who, troubled somewhat with the inquiries of a priest respecting his marches and counter-marches in life, told him the following sarcastic story:—"Aince, when I was in Galloway, I came to a lonely wood;—night fell on me, and a lang burly black man came up and said, 'John, ye are seeking wark? come wi' me, and I'll gie a job at setting cauldrons.' So he took me into a darksome place. 'But wha are ye?' quo' I.—'Oh, we're the Deil ye ken,' quo' he.—'Fien' may care,' quo' I, 'where's the cauldrons?'—'There,' quo' he, 'sae set to wark.'—'Wark!' quo' I, 'I canna see a styme.' The Deil leugh a queer laugh, and pulling till him a bit tenpenny tailor, lighted him like a brimstane spunk, and said, 'There.'—'There!' quo' I, 'that's but a glimmer.' The Deil leugh again, and said, 'Here comes ane that'll gie light enough.' And wha was this but a fat priest. The Deil just claught him up, gied him ae puff with his furnace-like mouth, and said, 'There!' Oh, had yere reverence but seen him! he leamed and lowed furiously!"

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

Tune—" *Jockey's ta'en the parting Kiss.*"

I.

Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane;
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.
Spare my luve, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain!
Spare my luve, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain.

II.

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blithe his waukening be!
He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

Neither tradition nor the Poet's notes say any thing respecting this song: it commences with the first line of an old lyric.

LADY ONLIE.

Tune—" *The Ruffian's Rant.*"

I.

A' THE lads o' Thornie-bank,
 When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
They'll step in an' tak' a pint
 Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
  Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
   Brews good ale at shore o' Bucky;
  I wish her sale for her gude ale,
   The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

II.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
 I wat she is a dainty chucky;
And cheerlie blinks the ingle-gleed
 Of Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
  Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
   Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky;
  I wish her sale for her gude ale,
   The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Some portion—it is hard to say how much—of "Lady Onlie" is old. Burns, in the language of his wife, gave it "a brushing" for the Museum. Other verses have made their appearance since :—

"Her foaming ale, her mirthsome tale,
A kiss at times, when things are lucky;
The mirk, mirk hours she lends them wings,
Gude Ladie Onlie, honest Lucky.

"Her drink is strong, her lips are sweet,
I taste them as I go to Luckie;
Sic things maun be if we sell ale,
Quo' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky."

The last line save one is proverbial with those who frequent alehouses. The rustic muse loved to lay the scenes of her songs where

"Ale and wine were stars and moon!"

The wife of Whittlecockpen seems to have been full cousin to "Lady Onlie, honest Lucky:" her merits are set forth in some very graphic verses :—

"There dwalt a wife in Whittlecockpen,
And she brewed gude ale for gentlemen;
Ae night the dame her barm had sett,
When a stranger man came rapp to the yett;
The night dang down baith win' an' weet,
The ale was strang, and the dame was sweet."

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

Tune—"*Captain O'Kean.*"

I.

The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale;
The hawthorn trees blow in the dew of the morning,
And wild scattered cowslips bedeck the green dale:
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are numbered by care?
No flow'rs gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

II.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne?
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none:
But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn;
My brave gallant friends! 'tis your ruin I mourn;
Your deeds proved so loyal in hot-bloody trial—
Alas! I can make you no sweeter return!

"Yesterday," says Burns to Cleghorn, "as I was riding through a tract of melancholy, joyless moors, between Galloway and Ayrshire, it being Sunday, I turned my thoughts to psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; and your favourite air, 'Captain O'Kean,' coming at length into my head, I tried these words to it. I am tolerably pleased with the verses; but as I have only a sketch of the tune, I leave it with you to try if they suit the measure of the music." Cleghorn answered that the words delighted him, and fitted the tune exactly. "I wish," added he, "that you would send me a verse or two more; and, if you have no objection, I would have it in the jacobite style.—Suppose it should be sung after the fatal field of Culloden, by the unfortunate Charles." The Poet took his friend's advice, and infused a jacobite spirit into the first verse as well as the second.

Burns, in this song, touches on the birthright of the Stuarts; and though their claim to the hills and valleys has been denied, this country has respected the principle; for the present royal line owe the throne to their descent. In choosing a king for themselves, the people asserted their natural right: nevertheless, it is remarkable that they made their election almost in the spirit of the law of succession. France has followed the example. The Gothic and Celtic tribes love to talk of their right to choose a king, as the Israelites did of old; but they show by their actions such respect for their old line of princes as confound all speculations and theories.

SONG OF DEATH.

Air—" *Oran an Doig.*"

Scene—A field of battle. Time of the day, evening. The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following song:

I.

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the bright setting sun;
Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties—
Our race of existence is run!

II.

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe!
Go, frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

III.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame!

IV.

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
Oh! who would not die with the brave!

When Bruce marshalled his ranks at Bannockburn, he made admirable arrangements for all but a retreat—he and most of his companions had resolved, victors or vanquished, to remain on the field. Some such sentiment was passing through the mind of Burns when he composed this noble lyric. He wrote on the 17th of December, 1791, to Mrs. Dunlop:—"I have just finished the following song, which, to a lady, the descendant of Wallace—and many heroes of his truly illustrious line—and herself the mother of several soldiers, needs neither preface nor apology." The Poet, after transcribing the song, goes on to say, that it was suggested to him, on looking over Macdonald's collection of Highland airs, where he found an Isle of Sky tune, entitled, "Oran an Doig, or the Song of Death," to the measure of which he adapted his lines.

Of this song, Currie says, erroneously, that it was written to stimulate the public mind during the general arming of the nation to resist French fraternization; and he adds, truly, that it is worthy, of the Grecian muse—when Greece was most distinguished for genius and valour. An eminent painter selected it for a subject to his pencil: he painted a field of battle, from which Victory was ascending with outspread wings to the sky; the dead lay thick around; but the artist forgot that where all died there could be no victory. Burns wished to print this song by itself, and give it to his country: some one advised him against this—he lived to be sorry for it.

The last verse of this noble lyric seems conceived in the same spirit with which Akenside records the fall of Julius Cæsar:—

> "And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
> With half that kindling majesty dilate
> Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
> Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
> Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
> Aloft extending like ete[illegible]nal Jove,
> When guilt brings [illegible] the thunder, called aloud
> On Tully's name, and [illegible]ook his crimson steel,
> And bade the father of his country, hail!
> For lo! the tyrant prostrate in the dust—
> And Rome again is free!"

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Tune—" *Afton Water.*"

I.

Flow gently, sweet Afton! among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

II.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen;
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den;
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear—
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

III.

How lofty, sweet Afton! thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

IV.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!
There, oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me

V.

The crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

VI.

Flow gently, sweet Afton! among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays!
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
Flow gently, sweet Afton! disturb not her dream.

The copy of "Afton Water," which the Poet presented to his kind and accomplished patroness, Mrs. Stewart, lies before me. Burns calls it simply "Sweet Afton," and adds no explanation. None was needed; the song explains itself: the lady was aware of the ways of the muse, and smiled at the images of beauty with which she was associated as she slumbered on the banks of her native stream. Unlike some other ladies of whom the Poet sang, she looked upon his strains as a mark of respect, and felt them as a work of genius. Afton is a small stream in Ayrshire, one of the tributaries of the Nith; Afton-lodge stands upon its bank, and is the residence of Miss Stewart and her sister, to whose active kindness this edition of the Poet's works is much indebted. The scenes on the Afton are beautiful, and merit the painter's pencil as much as the poet's song. Mrs. Stewart was heiress of the estate.

THE SMILING SPRING

Tune—" *The Bonnie Bell.*"

I.

The smiling spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly winter grimly flies ;
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonnie blue are the sunny skies ;
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell ;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

II.

The flowery spring leads sunny summer,
And yellow autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,
Till smiling spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonnie Bell.

"Bonnie Bell" was long a favourite with the maidens on the banks of the Nith : the air is lively, and the words very pleasing and picturesque An audacious rhymer added two verses, but no one condescended to sing them.

THE CARLES OF DYSART.

Tune—" *Hey ca' thro'.*"

I.

Up wi' the carles o' Dysart,
And the lads o' Buckhaven,
And the kimmers o' Largo,
And the lasses o' Leven.
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado;
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado.

II.

We hae tales to tell,
And we hae sangs to sing;
We hae pennies to spend,
And we hae pints to bring.

III.

We'll live a' our days,
And them that come behin',
Let them do the like,
And spend the gear they win.
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado;
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado.

When Burns communicated this Fisherman's Chant to the Musical Museum, he omitted to mark whether it was new or old; it is believed to be all from his own hand it was never printed or heard of before. The air is lively and old; the verses, too, have an air of antiquity but in the manufacture of such simulated commodities Burns excelled. Other verses on the same subject are to be found in later collections:—

"We'll hae mirth and laughter,
We that live by water,
Leave them that come after,
To spend the gear they gather.
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
Damsels, dinna doubt it,
There's better fish i' the sea
Than ever yet came out o't."

The line, "Hey, ca' through, ca' through," is old; but what reference it has to the art of dipping a net in the water, and bringing out a haul of "stately salmon" to the grassy bank, seems not at all apparent.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

Tune—" *The Weavers' March.*"

I.

WHERE Cart rins rowin to the sea,
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.
Oh, I had wooers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart would tine,
And I gied it to the weaver.

II.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
To gie the lad that has the land;
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And gie it to the weaver.
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees delight in op'ning flowers;
While corn grows green in simmer showers,
I'll love my gallant weaver.

Ladies may toss their heads at the humble choice of our heroine; but it was not quite so lowly as they may be pleased to suppose. In more primitive times —nay, within the memory of men—carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, or weavers, were considered superior in station to husbandmen; their scientific knowledge raised them in the estimation of the country above the humble tillers of the soil; and it was not till the late tremendous war doubled the consumption and enriched farmers, that country tradesmen lost the ascendancy. The west country heroine, therefore, made no imprudent engagement: and when we reflect that the White Cart belongs to Renfrewshire, and flows near the town of Paisley, celebrated for the labours of the loom, we shall feel that she turned her eyes to a district populous in gallant weavers, and no doubt singled out one every way worthy of her love.

The air is called the "Weavers' March," and is reckoned very beautiful. It has already been stated that every trade had formerly a marching air. Weavers' songs, however, are not numerous; this is the more to be wondered at when we reflect that, perhaps, the lads of the loom are the best informed of all operative bodies. Their sedentary employment, engaging the hand and eye more than the mind, enables them to reflect; and reflection has made them, generally, republicans.

THE BAIRNS GAT OUT.

Tune—" *The deuks dang o'er my Daddie.*'

I.

The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
  The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O!
The fien'-ma-care, quo' the feirrie auld wife,
  He was but a paidlin body, O!
He paidles out, an' he paidles in,
  An' he paidles late an' early, O!
This seven lang years I hae lien by his side,
  An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O!

II.

O, haud your tongue, my feirrie auld wife,
  O, haud your tongue, now Nansie, O!
I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
  Ye wadna been sae donsie, O!
I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
  And cuddled me late and early, O!
But downa do's come o'er me now,
  And, oh! I feel it sairly, O!

An old song of the same name supplied Burns with the idea of this song, and a line or two,—the rest is all his own. It speaks with the free, homely tongue of the eldern muse of Scotland. Some of the ruder verses linger still on the memory :—

> "The bairns cam in wi' an unco rair,
> The deuks dang owre my daddie, O!
> O deil ma' care, let him lie there,
> For he's but a daidlin' bodie, O."

It need not be told to those acquainted with the earlier lyrics of Scotland, that they abound in expressions which would set a thousand fans in a flutter now. Ramsay has been accused of rashly and presumptuously suppressing some beautiful old lyrics, and with maiming others; and no doubt his sympathy was not great for the old minstrel compositions. The horror of some antiquaries at his atrocities would be lessened, were they to hear the strains sung for the loss of which they make all their wailing. "The bonniest lass in a' the warl'" is one of the fair and lovely antiques of which the bad taste of Ramsay is said to have deprived the world. Here is the first verse :—

> "The bonniest lass in a' the warl'
> Cam to me unsent for;
> She brak her shins on my bed stock,
> But she gat the thing she cam for."

The succeeding verses, could they be printed, would place the character of this lily of the olden time beyond all doubt. The tune of "The deuks dang o'er my Daddie" is very old: Playford published it in 1657, and called it "The Buff Coat."

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

Tune—"*She's fair and fause.*"

I.

She's fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear,
And I hae tint my dearest dear;
But woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

II.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind.
O woman, lovely woman fair!
An angel form's fa'n to thy share,
'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair—
I mean an angel mind.

Critics have pronounced this one of the happiest of the songs of Burns—it is one of the most sarcastic; the last verse is particularly bitter. No one has contended for the honour of being its heroine. The melody is almost as charming as the words.

THE EXCISEMAN.

Tune—" *The Deil cam' fiddling through the town.*"

I.

The deil cam' fiddling through the town,
And danced awa wi' the Exciseman,
And ilka wife cries—" Auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck o' the prize, man !"
The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
The deil's awa wi' the Exciseman ;
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
He's danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman!

II.

We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man ;
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil
That danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

III.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land
Was—the deil's awa wi' the Exciseman.
The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
The deil's awa wi' the Exciseman :
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
He's danc'd awa wi' the Excise

It is related in that credible and curious book "Satan's Invisible World Discovered," that his infernal majesty, during one of his excursions among the witches of Caledonia, thought proper to appear—not in the likeness of a "long black man," but in that of a large black dog; and, with a lighted candle at his tail, led them such a race over Magus moor,—

"Till ilka carlin swat an' reekit."

It is, moreover, said that, assuming his own shape, he sung his friends a new song to a strange air, in both of which there was so much of gramery, that all the young lads and lasses in the Lowlands were speedily lilting and singing it, though it was none of the doucest. Perhaps some tale of this kind influenced Burns in the composition of this singular song. Gaugers were, for a long period, cordially disliked in Scotland; to cheat them was almost considered a duty. Tradition relates, that at Annan once a large quantity of smuggled tea and brandy had just been carried into an inn there, when, to the consternation of all concerned, the gauger was seen approaching. Concealment was out of the question, for the importation was large and lying on the floor. All this was observed by a shrewd idiot, well known by the name of Daft Davie Graham; he snatched up a long whip, and walking leisurely to a "midden-dub," threw in the lash of the whip, watched it, and played it with all the anxiety of an angler.—"What are ye fishing for there, Davie?" said the officer of the revenue.—"Fishing for deevils," was the answer.—"Devils!" said the other, "and what do you bait with?"—"Gaugers," replied David. The laugh of the bystanders at the sharp joke made the gauger turn his horse's head another road, and miss a prey.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

Tune—" *Lass of Inverness.*"

I.

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
And ay the saut tear blin's her e'e:
Drumossie moor—Drumossie day—
A waefu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

II.

Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see:
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.

As the Poet passed slowly over the fatal moor of Culloden, the lament of the Lass of Inverness rose, it is said, on his fancy. He composed it to an air by Oswald; but though the words are deeply affecting and the tune tender, it never became a favourite, save with those who love poetry and nature for their own sakes. Cromek remarks, that "Burns' most successful imitation of the old style, seems to be in 'The lovely Lass of Inverness.'" He took up the idea from the first half-verse, which is all that remains of the old words, and this prompted the feelings and tone of the time he wished to commemorate. He scattered these samples to be picked up by inquisitive criticism, that he might listen to its remarks, and, perhaps, secretly enjoy the admiration which they excited."

Another song, on the same subject, has found its way into our collections. Here is a verse:—

"As I came in by Inverness,
The simmer sun was sinking down;
And there I met a weel-faur'd lass,
And she was greeting through the town.
The gray-hair'd men were a' i' the streets,
And old dames crying—sad to see!
The flower o' the lads of Inverness
Lie bloodie on Culloden lea."

The graves of the slain still look green, it is said, on the brown and desolate moor. All true Highlanders, as they look upon it, feel like Deloraine when he glanced on Halidon:—

"In bitter mood he spurred fast,
And soon the hated heath was past."

A RED, RED ROSE.

Tune—" *Graham's Strathspey.*"

I.

O, MY luve's like a red, red rose,
  That's newly sprung in June:
O, my luve's like the melodie,
  That's sweetly play'd in tune.

II.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
  So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
  'Till a' the seas gang dry.

III.

'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
  And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luve thee still, my dear,
  While the sands o' life shall run.

IV.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
  And fare thee weel a-while!
And I will come again, my luve,
  Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

An old Nithsdale song seems to have been in the Poet's thoughts when he wrote this exquisite lyric. Martha Crosbie, a carder and spinner of wool, sometimes desiring to be more than commonly acceptable to the children of my father's house, made her way to their hearts by singing, which she did with great feeling, the following ancient strain :—

"Who is this under my window?
Who is this that troubles me?
O, it is I, love, and none but I, love;
I wish to speak one word with thee.

"Go to your mother, and ask her, jewel,
If she'll consent you my bride to be;
And, if she does na, come back an' tell me,
This is the last time I'll visit thee.

"My mother's in her chamber, jewel,
And of lovers' talking will not hear;
Therefore you may go and court another,
And whisper softly in her ear."

The song proceeds to relate how mother and father were adverse to the lover's suit; and that, exasperated by their scorn and the coldness of the maiden, he ran off in despair: on relenting, she finds he is gone, and breaks out in these fine lines—

"O where's he gone that I love best,
And has left me here to sigh and moan;
O I will search the wide world over,
Till my true lover I find again.

"The seas shall dry, and the fishes fly,
And the rocks shall melt down wi' the sun;
The labouring man shall forget his labour,
The blackbird shall not sing but mourn,
If ever I prove false to my love,
Till once I see if he return."

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE.

Tune—" *Louis, what reck I by thee.*"

I.

Louis, what reck I by thee,
  Or Geordie on his ocean ?
Dyvor, beggar loons to me—
  I reign in Jeannie's bosom.

II.

Let her crown my love her law,
  And in her breast enthrone me :
Kings and nations—swith, awa !
  Reif randies, I disown ye !

No bard of these our later days has surpassed Burns in the art that few can learn, of putting much sense into small space.—" Louis, what reck I by thee," is one of his happiest efforts ; it is, perhaps, too peculiar in language, to be fully felt by any save Scotchmen ; but to them it comes with a compact vigour of expression, not usual in words fitted to music. The Jeannie of the song is Mrs. Burns : her name has no chance of passing from the earth, if impassioned verse can preserve it.

HAD I THE WYTE.

Tune—"*Had I the wyte she bade me.*"

I.

Had I the wyte, had I the wyte,
  Had I the wyte she bade me;
She watch'd me by the hie-gate side,
  And up the loan she shawed me;
And when I wadna venture in,
  A coward loon she ca'd me;
Had kirk and state been in the gate,
  I lighted when she bade me.

II.

Sae craftilie she took me ben,
  And bade me make nae clatter;
"For our ramgunshoch glum gudeman
  Is out and owre the water:"
Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,
  When I did kiss and dawte her
Let him be planted in my place,
  Syne say I was the fautor.

III.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
  Could I for shame refused her?
And wadna manhood been to blame,
  Had I unkindly used her?
He clawed her wi' the ripplin-kame,
  And blue and bluidy bruised her;
When sic a husband was frae hame,
  What wife but had excused her?

IV.

I dighted ay her een sae blue,
  And bann'd the cruel randy;
And weel I wat her willing mou',
  Was e'en like sugar-candy.
A gloamir-shot it was I trow,
  I lighted on the Monday;
But I cam through the tysday's dew,
  To wanton Willie's brandy.

The air to which Burns composed this song was called, "Come kiss wi' me and clap wi' me:" and much of the story and some of the words he found in an old lyric which bore the name of "Had I the wyte she bade me," and out of which some readers may think he has not succeeded in excluding all that is objectionable. Those acquainted with the old unceremonious strain will wonder at the Poet's success.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

Tune—" *Coming through the Rye.*"

I.

Coming through the rye, poor body,
Coming through the rye,
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.
Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry ;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.

II.

Gin a body meet a body—
Coming through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need a body cry ?

III.

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need the world ken ?
Jenny's a' wat, poor body ;
Jenny's seldom dry ;
he draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.

Burns took up the old strain called "Coming through the rye," thrashed some of the loose chaff from about it, and sent it to the Musical Museum. He has not been more than successful in his emendations; the heroine is still a little free. It cannot be accepted as a proof of her economy, that she made an inroad upon the rye; nor of her prudence, that she allowed her garments to trail in the dew. The same objection may be urged against the Poet's "Rigs o' barley." A respect for the fruits of the earth is common to all the peasantry of Scotland. The old "Coming through the rye" was once very popular in the northern glens; there were many verses, and, as usual, many variations:—

"Gin a body meet a body
  Coming through the broom,
Gin a body kiss a body—
  Need a body gloom?
Ilka body has a body,
  Fient a ane hae I,
But twa 'r three lads they lo'e me weel,
  And what the waur am I?"

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN.

Tune—" *The carlin o' the glen.*"

I.

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain;
Thro' a' our lasses he did rove,
And reigned resistless king of love:
But now wi' sighs and starting tears,
He strays amang the woods and briers;
Or in the glens and rocky caves
His sad complaining dowie raves.

II.

I wha sae late did range and rove,
And chang'd with every moon my love,
I little thought the time was near,
Repentance I should buy sae dear:
The slighted maids my torment see,
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree;
While she, my cruel, scornfu' fair,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair!

Who the Jamie of this song was no one has told us, nor whether the strain is partly old or wholly new. No doubt it must be numbered among those hasty and quickly considered things, which it was the pleasure of Burns to write and leave unclaimed, with the intention, perhaps, of giving the subject and air his more serious thoughts on some day of leisure, which never arrived. The air is plaintive, but the name has no affinity with the song.

The story is, however, an old one: a gay lover, who ranged at will among the beauties of the land, and seemed, like quicksilver, coy as well as bright, is at last ensnared by the charms of one who not only scorns him, but forbids him ever to think of her more. Jamie belike, when reflection arrives, may enact the knowing part of Duncan Gray, and gain her hand by seeming to disregard it. At all events, he seems one who will try no tragic conclusions, nor even speak of "lowpin owre a linn." He resembles more the honest lad of Annandale, who declared he was sae vexed when Jenny Johnston of Howbottom refused his hand, that he supped mair parridge than wad have served three mowers, and kicked the muckle pot till it gade owre ringing.

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

Tune—"*Charlie Gordon's welcome hame.*"

I.

Out over the Forth I look to the north,
 But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,
 The far foreign land, or the wild rolling sea.

II.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
 That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
 The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

"The finest examples," says Jeffrey, "of this simple and unpretending tenderness, is to be found in those songs which are likely to transmit the name of Burns to all future generations. He found this delightful trait in the old Scottish ballads which he took for his model, and upon which he improved with a felicity and delicacy of imitation altogether unrivalled in the history of literature. Sometimes it is the brief and simple pathos of the genuine old ballad." In one of his letters to Cunningham, dated 11th March, 1791, Burns quotes the last four lines, and inquires how his friend likes it. The air was altered by Clarke; and the words suffered a change—a change that did not at all affect the sense.

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

Tune—"*Jacky Latin.*"

I.

Gat ye me, O gat ye me,
O gat ye me wi' naething?
Rock and reel, and spinnin' wheel,
A mickle quarter basin.
Bye attour, my gutcher has
A hich house and a laigh ane,
A' for bye, my bonnie sel',
The toss of Ecclefechan.

II.

O haud your tongue now, Luckie Laing,
O haud your tongue and jauner;
I held the gate till you I met,
Syne I began to wander:
I tint my whistle and my sang,
I tint my peace and pleasure;
But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,
Wad airt me to my treasure.

During the Poet's first visit to Annandale, an old song, called "The Lass of Ecclefechan," was sung to him; with which he was so amused that he noted it down, and, at a leisure moment, rendered the language more delicate, and the sentiments less warm, and sent it to the Musical Museum. The name of this pleasant little town was said to be unsuitable for rhyme. One day, as Burns and his brother gauger, Lewars, were riding along Bonshaw-braes, the latter said, "Come, give us a song in which one of the lines will rhyme to Ecclefechan." The Poet mused a little, and, with a humorous story running in his head, composed, and chanted as he composed, a song hitherto confined to manuscript, called "The Trogger." The heroine of the ditty speaks :—

> "As I came down by Annan side,
> Intending for the border,
> Amang the scroggie banks and braes,
> Wha met me but a trogger."

The description which she gives of her experiences is very graphic, but too much in the free manner of the old rustic minstrels. In the last verse the Poet remembered the object of the song :—

> "Then up we gat, and took the road,
> And in by Ecclefechan,
> Whar the brandy-stoup we gart it clink,
> And strong ale ream the quech in."

No incident which throws light on the character of the great national Poet of Scotland should be left untold in a work of this nature.

THE COOPER O' CUDDIE

Tune—"*Bah at the bowster.*"

I.

The cooper o' Cuddie cam' here awa,
And ca'd the girrs out owre us a'—
And our gude-wife has gotten a ca'
That anger'd the silly gude-man, O.
We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
Behind the door, behind the door;
We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
And cover him under a mawn, O.

II.

He sought them out, he sought them in,
Wi', deil hae her! and, deil hae him!
But the body was sae doited and blin',
He wist na where he was gaun, O.

III.

They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,
'Till our gude-man has gotten the scorn;
On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
And swears that they shall stan', O.
We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
Behind the door, behind the door;
We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
And cover him under a mawn, O.

The delicacy of this song cannot be compared to its wit. " Burns was in all respects the poet of the people; he relished the rough jokes, and natural humour, and lively stories of his fellow-peasants; no man in wide Scotland had so many merry tales to tell, and so many joyous songs to sing. Nor can the merits of all his lyrics be appreciated by men born in the high places. He who shares with the Poet in all the pathos and humour, quaint allusion and roguish inference of his poetry must have been born in a peasant's shed, and worn the clouted shoe. On no other terms can his innumerable images and allusions, derived from rustic life and rustic pursuits, be relished or comprehended. Of fame in England, he perhaps never dreamed; and though his manly vigour, high-souled independence, and glorious verse have given him a hold on every true English heart, he wrote exclusively for the people of Scotland—he thought Scottish fame sufficient—nay, in devoting his talents so much to lyric composition, he seemed to court the applause of the humble rather than the high, and wrote for the "common people,"—nature's best judges, as he truly calls them.

SOMEBODY!

Tune—"*For the sake of somebody.*"

I.

My heart is sair—I dare na tell—
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake of somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody!

II.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake o' somebody!

"For the sake of somebody," by Allan Ramsay, suggested "Somebody" to Burns, who borrowed two or three lines of the first stanza. From whom Ramsay took the idea of his song is not known; some of it is older than his day:—

"For the sake of somebody,
For the sake of somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake of somebody.
I am gaun to seek a wife,
I am gaun to buy a plaidy;
I have coft three stane o' woo'—
Carlin, is thy daughter ready?"

How different is the tone when Ramsay takes up the subject!—he has not the ease of the minstrel, his forerunner:—

"Betty, lassie, say't thysel',
Though thy dame be ill to shoo,
First we'll buckle, then we'll tell,
Let her flyte, and syne come to:
What signifies a mither's gloom,
When love and kisses come in play?
Shou'd we wither in our bloom,
And in simmer mak' nae hay?"

Something of the spirit of old Scottish thrift still abides in the land. It is said that in the little laborious community of Buckhaven fishers, a girl getting married before she is able to earn her husband's bread, is unknown. "Go, lassie! what wad ye do wi' a man?—ye canna win saut to yere ain haddocks!" is the common reproof of the thoughtless by the prudent and reflecting.

THE CARDIN' O'T.

Tune—" *Salt-fish and dumplings.*

I.

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo',
  To make a wat to Johnny o't;
For Johnny is my only jo,
  I lo'e him best of ony yet.
    The cardin o't, the spinnin' o't,
      The warpin o't, the winnin' o't;
    When ilka ell cost me a groat,
      The tailor staw the lynin o't.

II.

For though his locks be lyart gray,
  And tho' his brow be beld aboon:
Yet I hae seen him on a day,
  The pride of a' the parishen.
    The cardin o't, the spinnin' o't,
      The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
    When ilka ell cost me a groat,
      The tailor staw the lynin o't.

The little of this song to which antiquity lays claim is so trifling that the whole may be said to be the work of Burns. The tenderness of Johnnie's wife can only be fully felt by those who know that hause-lock wool is the softest and finest of the fleece, and is shorn from the throats of sheep in the summer heat, to give them air and keep them cool.

A change has come over the intercourse between the husbandmen of the agricultural vales and the shepherds among the pastoral mountains. In former times, before well-made roads, and coaches, and caravans were common, a sheep-farmer rarely descended from his hills to the towns, while the commodities of the latter seldom found their way to his fire-side. It was the custom for two or three sagacious dames belonging to the "corn-land," to make an inroad upon the wool-land," and barter tea, and lace, and similar light luxuries, with the shepherds' wives, for "hause-lock woo'," and such like trimmings and prunings. The Lowland adventuress generally returned with valuable burthens; the ladies of the hills, too, parted with what they could well spare, and obtained what they had no other means of procuring.

WHEN JANUAR' WIND.

Tune—" *The Lass that made the Bed to Me.*"

I.

When Januar wind was blawing cauld,
As to the north I took my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauld,
I knew na where to lodge till day.

II.

By my good luck a maid I met,
Just in the middle o' my care;
And kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

III.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thank'd her for her courtesie;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And bade her mak a bed to me.

IV.

She made the bed baith large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down;
She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank, " Young man, now sleep ye soun'

V.

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;
But I call'd her quickly back again
To lay some mair below my head.

VI.

A cod she laid below my head,
And served me wi' due respect;
And to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.

VII.

"Haud aff your hands, young man," she says,
"And dinna sae uncivil be:
If ye hae onie love for me,
O wrang na my virginitie!"

VIII.

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivorie;
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

IX.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.

X.

I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
And aye she wist na what to say;
I laid her between me and the wa'—
The lassie thought na lang till day.

XI.

Upon the morrow when we rase,
I thank'd her for her courtesie;
But aye she blush'd, and aye she sigh'd,
And said, "Alas! ye've ruin'd me."

XII.

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
While the tear stood twinklin' in her e'e:
I said, "My lassie, dinna cry,
For ye ay shall mak the bed to me."

XIII.

She took her mither's Holland sheets,
And made them a' in sarks to me:
Blythe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me.

XIV.

The bonnie lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me:
I'll ne'er forget till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me!

When Charles the Second was in Scotland during the days of Cromwell, he gave great offence to the kirk by the looseness of his language, and the open freedom of his gallantries. Before the fatal expedition into England, he had an intrigue with a young lady of the house of Port Letham, and his success was recorded by a cavalier minstrel in words which were once popular both in Scotland and England:—

> "There was a lass dwelt in the north,
> A bonnie lass of high degree;
> A bonnie lass, and her name was Nell,
> A blyther lass you ne'er did see.
>
> CHORUS.
>
> "O the bed to me, the bed to me,
> The lass that made the bed to me;
> Blythe, and bonnie, and sweet was she,
> The lass that made the bed to me."

Burns took up the old song—which was sadly corrupted—and, exercising a poet's skill upon it, manufactured the present version, and sent it to the Musical Museum. He meditated alterations in it, and made a few, but not with his usual felicity: in the amended copy he makes the heroine a humble maiden, and changes the character of the composition.

SAE FAR AWA.

Tune—" *Dalkeith Ma*

I.

O, SAD and heavy should I part,
But for her sake sae far awa;
Unknowing what my way may thwart
My native land sae far awa.
Thou that of a' things Maker art,
That form'd this fair sae far awa,
Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start
At this my way sae far awa.

II.

How true is love to pure desert,
So love to her, sae far awa:
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
While, oh! she is sae far awa.
Nane other love, nane other dart,
I feel but her's, sae far awa;
But fairer never touch'd a heart
Than her's, the fair sae far awa.

This is another of the many songs which Burns wrote for the Musical Museum. Who the fair one "sae far awa' was, it is now idle to inquire. Had the Poet lived to write his promised notes on his songs, he would have saved his biographers much fruitless research, and his admirers many idle conjectures.

It must be acknowledged that the Scotch give great occasion for songs of this nature—they wander the world over. Their native land is poor and sterile, and unable to maintain the half of the hardy and enterprising race to whom it gives birth. They are trained up to endurance and privation; they are well educated, for they can all read, write, and cypher; they are all intelligent, for a Scottish peasant knows more than the alehouse can tell him, and would think himself ignorant were he not to look far beyond the business by which he gains his bread. He has no poor-laws to hold out a miserable boon to his declining years; he, therefore, marches east, west, north, or south, as fortune or inclination determines, and relieves his own land while he benefits others.

I'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

Tune—" *I'll gae nae mair.*"

I.

I'LL ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green, again;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.
There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
What brings me back the gate again;
But she my fairest faithfu' lass,
And stownlins we sall meet again.

II.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
When trystin-time draws near again;
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith, she's doubly dear again!
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green, again;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

An old song supplied Burns with the starting sentiment of this little delicious lyric :—

> "I'll gang nae mair to yon town,
> O never a' my life again;
> I'll ne'er gae back to yon town,
> To seek anither wife again."

Jean Armour was the heroine; the allusions to the trysting-tree, and the stolen interview, will be understood by all the daughters of Caledonia. There are few burn-banks, or romantic glens, or spreading woods in any lowland district, that are not hallowed in the memories of many by visions of past endearment—of golden hours —nay, minutes of rapture worthy of having been born for. Volumes—and eloquent ones—might be written on the romantic love adventures, serious and humorous, of the Scottish peasantry; no writer has entered so fully into these mysteries as Burns. Love has no charm unless it comes in a poetic shape; the lover who desires coal and candle may as well ask for his supper at once; he is regarded as a fellow of no soul if he cannot dare flooded streams and haunted roads; and should a thunder-storm meet him on his way, he will be wise not to turn or seek shelter, unless he wishes to be made the laughing-stock of half the lasses in the vale. It is recorded of a young girl on Nith side, that, in alluding to her first interview with a lover, she tossed her tresses in scorn, saying, "Him! I tried him wi' a lanely room and a lighted candle; and he hadna the sense to steek the door, and blaw it out!"

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

Tune—" *I'll ay ca' in by yon town.*"

I.

O, WAT ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin sun upon ?
The fairest dame's in yon town,
That e'enin sun is shining on.
Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree ;
How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e !

II.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year !
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear.

III.

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr ;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

IV.

Without my love, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!

V.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

VI.

O sweet is she in yon town,
Yon sinkin sun's gane down upon;
A fairer than's in yon town
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

VII.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear;
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare me—spare me, Lucy dear!

VIII.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
And she—as fairest is her form!
She has the truest, kindest heart!

O, wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin sun upon?
The fairest dame's in yon town
That e'enin sun is shining on.

The heroine of this fine song was Lucy Johnstone—married to Mr. Oswald, of Auchencruive; an accomplished and lovely woman, who died early in life. This beautiful burst of poetic sensibility will convey no unjust image of her attractions to succeeding generations. The song is written in the character of her husband.—"Did you ever, my dear Syme," said the Poet, "meet with a man who owed more to the divine Giver of all good things than Mr. Oswald? A fine fortune; a pleasing exterior; self-evident amiable dispositions, and an ingenuous, upright mind—and that, too, informed much beyond the usual run of young fellows of his rank; and to all this, such a woman!—But of her I shall say nothing at all, in despair of saying any thing adequate. In my song I have endeavoured to do justice to what would be his feelings on seeing, in the scene I have drawn, the habitation of his Lucy. As I am a good deal pleased with my performance, I, in my first fervour, thought of sending it to Mrs. Oswald." What the Bard hesitated to do for himself, was done by Syme; it has not been told how the lady received the rich incense offered to her beauty. She was rich and liberal, and might have regarded the song as a portrait of herself by a first-rate painter—worthy at least of acknowledgment.

O MAY, THY MORN.

Tune—" *May, thy Morn.*"

I.

O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet
As the mirk night o' December;
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber:
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will ay remember.
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will ay remember.

II.

And here's to them, that, like oursel,
Can push about the jorum;
And here's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that's guid watch o'er them!
And here's to them, we dare na tell,
The dearest o' the quorum.
And here's to them, we dare na tell,
The dearest o' the quorum!

The lady, whom the Poet desired rather to remember than name, is said, in our lyrical legends, to be the fair Clarinda, of whose merits Burns has said and sung so much. This is, perhaps, rather conjecture than reality; for it has been ascribed to the charms of a Nithsdale dame, "who brewed gude ale for gentlemen," and loved to be admired by her customers. It is quite as possible that it sprung from imaginary gaddings of the muse; for though Burns, in the first outburst of song in the morning of life had living models in his eye, he became a more expert artist as he grew older, and conceived works of genius without placing a living image before him. The song was first published in Johnson's Museum: the air seems a variation of "Andro and his cutty gun."

The ladies and wine have furnished themes for innumerable songs; and so long as the former are lovely, and the latter sparkles, they will continue to be sung. Both are united in "O May, thy morn:" the Bard, as the wine-cup circulates, remembers a 'mirk night in December, and a fair one who rendered it cheerful. He dates joy from that night, as a free heroine in Mackenzie's tale dates all things which befel her from the time she met with her misfortune!

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

Tune—"*Ye're welcome, Charlie Stewart.*"

I.

O LOVELY Polly Stewart!
  O charming Polly Stewart!
There's not a flower that blooms in May
  That's half so fair as thou art.
The flower it blaws, it fades and fa's,
  And art can ne'er renew it;
But worth and truth eternal youth
  Will give to Polly Stewart.

II.

May he whose arms shall fauld thy charms
  Possess a leal and true heart;
To him be given to ken the heaven
  He grasps in Polly Stewart.
O lovely Polly Stewart!
  O charming Polly Stewart!
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
  That's half so sweet as thou art.

The lady who inspired this song was unconscious at the time, while she caused her table to be spread, and her wine poured out, that her name was to be preserved in undying verse. The Poet had, in his thoughts, a jacobite lyric, called "You're welcome, Charlie Stewart:"—

> "Had I the power as I've the will,
> I'd make thee famous by my quill,
> Thy foes I'd scatter, quell, and kill,
> From Billingsgate to Duart.
> Thou'rt welcome, Charlie Stewart;
> Thou'rt welcome, Charlie Stewart;
> A shepherd's wand will grow a brand
> When thou comes—Charlie Stewart!"

Songs to this air, and breathing a similar strain of sentiment, are numerous:—

> "O dreary loneliness is now
> Many ruined shealings smoking;
> Yet the new-made widow sits and sings,
> While her boy-bairns she's rocking:
> On Darien think—think on Glenco,
> On Murray, traitor coward;
> On Cumberland's blood-blushing hands,
> And think on Charlie Stewart."

This verse seems in the spirit of the dying Highlander's reply, when the priest, desiring him to forgive his enemies, quoted the words of Scripture—"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."—"Aye, aye, say ye so?" said the clansman, "it is e'en owre sweet a morsel for a mortal!"

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

Tune—" *If thou'lt play me fair play.*"

I.

THE bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Wore a plaid, and was fu' braw,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
On his head a bonnet blue,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
His royal heart was firm and true,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

II.

Trumpets sound, and cannons roar,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie;
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
Bonnie Lowland lassie.
Glory, honour, now invite,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
For freedom and my king to fight,
Bonnie Lowland lassie.

III.

The sun a backward course shall take,
  Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Ere aught thy manly courage shake,
  Bonnie Highland laddie.
Go, for yourself procure renown,
  Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
And for your lawful king, his crown,
  Bonnie Highland laddie.

The Poet took a long wearisome ditty called "The Highland Lad and Lowland Lassie," and compressed it into these three stanzas; allowing too little of his own happy spirit to escape into them during the operation. Another song, now almost forgotten, gives the name of the air:—

> "If thou'lt play me fair play,
>   Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
> Another year for thee I'll stay,
>   Bonnie Highland laddie;
> For a' the lasses hereabouts,
>   Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
> Marry nane but Geordie's louts,
>   Bonnie Highland laddie."

—In words, sometimes darker, sometimes plainer than these, the jacobites of the north intimated to Prince Charles their affection and constancy, and their determination to wait till his plans of invasion were ripe and ready.

ANNA, THY CHARMS.

Tune—" *Bonnie Mary.*"

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care;
But, ah! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair!
Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
To hope may be forgiv'n;
For sure 'twere impious to despair,
So much in sight of Heav'n.

Burns inserted this elegant little lyric in the third edition of his poems. The concluding sentiment is akin to that fine compliment in the " Shepherd's Mournful Fate," by Hamilton of Bangour :—

" For oh ! that form, so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush, and modest air,
So fatally beguiling:
Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee,
Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes pursue thee:
But when my tedious hours are pass'd,
Be this last blessing given—
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven."

Burns had more nature and strength than Hamilton; but some of the lyrics of the latter are unequalled for elegance.

CASSILLIS' BANKS.

Tune—*Unknown.*

I.

Now bank an' brae are claith'd in green,
An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring;
By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
The birdies flit on wanton wing.
To Cassillis' banks when e'ening fa's,
There wi' my Mary let me flee,
There catch her ilka glance of love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

II.

The child wha boasts o' warld's walth
Is aften laird o' meikle care;
But Mary she is a' my ain—
Ah! fortune canna gie me mair.
Then let me range by Cassillis' banks,
Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,
And catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

The stream of Girvan, and the banks of Cassillis, flowed and flourished to the last in the heart and fancy of Burns when he desired to compose a song for any tune which affected him, he recalled a favourite haunt of his youth, and a form dear to his heart; and, like the lyrist of Cowley, gave dancing words to speaking strings. The charms of nature shared his heart with those of living beauty; one line is both a history and a landscape —

"Girvan's fairy-haunted stream

The beauties of Cassillis' banks he had sung elsewhere —

"Upon that night, when fairies light
On Cassillis Downans dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance
Or for Colean the route is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams,
There up the Cove to stray and rove
Among the rocks and streams.'

Other national songs give no more than the image of female loveliness those of Scotland add the flowers on which the foot of beauty treads, the stream which murmurs at her side, the woods which wave around her, and the birds which welcome her with their songs

TO THEE, LOVED NITH.

Tune—*(unknown.)*

I.

To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains,
Where late wi' careless thought I rang'd,
Though prest wi' care and sunk in woe,
To thee I bring a heart unchang'd.

II.

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
Tho' mem'ry there my bosom tear;
For there he rov'd that brake my heart,
Yet to that heart, ah! still how dear!

The strains in which Burns celebrated the Nith are not the happiest of his effusions: his heart was with the scenes of his youth; Kyle, with its streams and pasture hills, rose on his imagination; nor did the way in which too many treated the illustrious Bard tend to endear Nithsdale. Some of the opulent and the far-descended could not imagine what the world saw in a rhyming gauger: those persons seemed never to imagine that the time was at hand when their own names would be in darkness, and the Poet's in light; when they would be mute and inglorious, and Burns a subject for critics, commentators, and biographers.

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

Tune—" *The Killogie.*"

I.

Bannocks o' bear meal,
Bannocks o' barley ;
Here's to the Highlandman's
Bannocks o' barley.
Wha in a brulzie
Will first cry a parley ?
Never the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley.

II.

Bannocks o' bear meal,
Bannocks o' barley;
Here's to the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley.
Wha in his wae-days
Were loyal to Charlie ?
Wha but the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley.

The air to which these words were written gave the name to an old song, on which were at once impressed the free language and free manners of our ancestors. Some of the lines are not out of men's memories yet: not more than two can well be quoted :—

> "A lad and a lassie
> Lay in the Killogie."

The jacobite feeling with which Burns inoculated the song, was common to the days of his youth: nor did it wholly subside, till the French "Army of England," with one foot on shore and the other in the sea—impatient to be precipitated on our isle—compelled us to quit idle speculations and think of our existence.

In the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, the Bard drew his pen when the warrior drew his sword. Many tunes, which hitherto carried words of mutual love or social intercourse, were obliged to do duty in another capacity; and the jacobites were summoned or admonished in strains not fated to be soon forgotten. The vision of Scotia, which appeared to Hamilton of Bangour, rejoicing for the victory of Gladsmuir, was not expected to disappear so soon :—

> "As over Gladsmuir's blood-stained field,
> Scotia, imperial goddess, flew;
> Her lifted spear and radiant shield,
> Conspicuous blazing to the view:
> Her visage, lately clouded with despair,
> Now re-assumed its first majestic air."

HEE BALOU.

Tune—" *The Highland Balou.*"

I.

Hee balou ! my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald ;
Brawlie kens our wanton chief
Wha got my young Highland thief.

II.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie,
An' thou live, thou'll steal a naigie :
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

III.

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furder :
Herry the louns o' the laigh countree,
Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

A Highland lady, it is said, sung a song in Gaelic, the air of which pleased Burns so much, that he desired to know the meaning of the words: he smiled at the oral translation, and crooning the air over for a minute's space or so, chanted "Hee Balou," wrote it down, and sent it to the Museum.

Concerning this song, Cromek says—"The time when the moss-troopers and cattle-drivers on the borders began their nightly depredations, was the first Michaelmas moon. Cattle-stealing formerly was a mere foraging expedition; and it has been remarked that many of the best families in the north can trace their descent from the daring sons of the mountains. The produce (by way of dowry to a laird's daughter) of a Michaelmas moon is proverbial; and by the aid of Lochiel's lanthorn (the moon), these exploits were the most desirable things imaginable." In the "Hee Balou" we see one of those heroes in the cradle, and we may gather what his deeds in manhood were likely to be, when the nurse soothed him in swaddling bands with such a song as this. A Highland chieftain looked upon himself as a sort of independent prince, and, like the kings of the Saxon Heptarchy, made war whenever he thought himself strong enough. To the lords of the lowlands he was by speech, by habit, and by descent, a foe: his manners, his feelings—the martial songs which cheered him in his halls, and the thrilling music which kindled him up for battle—all were his own.

WAE IS MY HEART.

Tune—" *Wae is my heart.*"

I.

Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e ;
Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me :
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

II.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I loved :
Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I proved ;
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel its throbbings will soon be at rest.

III.

O, if I were happy, where happy I hae been,
Down by yon stream, and yon bonnie castle-green ;
For there he is wand'ring, and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae Phillis's e'e.

These verses were composed, tradition relates, at the request of Clarke the musician, who felt—or imagined he felt—much pain of heart for a young lady of Nithsdale. The Poet gives the lament to the lady without any regard to truth—for Phillis had never looked kind on "Tweedle-dee." The air is a simple one, and the song is in keeping.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER!

Tune—"*The Job of Journey-work.*"

ALTHO' my back be at the wa',
And tho' he be the fautor;
Altho my back be at the wa',
Yet, here's his health in water!
O! wae gae by his wanton sides,
Sae brawlie he could flatter;
Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,
And dree the kintra clatter.
But tho' my back be at the wa',
And tho' he be the fautor;
But tho' my back be at the wa',
Yet, here's his health in water!

It has been asserted that Burns wrote these verses in humorous allusion to the condition in which Jean Armour found herself before marriage. The Poet was rash and outspoken, both in matters of religion and government; but he was incapable of any thing so indecorous and insulting. The song was first published in the Musical Museum, and was written when the Poet was in Dumfries: the idea was taken from an old lyric, of which the o'erword was,

"Here's his health in water."

MY PEGGY'S FACE.

Tune—" *My Peggy's Face.*"

I.

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm;
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of human kind.
I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly, heav'nly fair,
Her native grace so void of art,
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

II.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway!
Who but knows they all decay!
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The gen'rous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look, that rage disarms—
These are all immortal charms.

The Poet pictured forth the merits of Margaret Chalmers, mental and bodily, in these sweet verses: the gentleness, the candour, and the accomplishments of that lady seem often to have occurred to the mind of Burns.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

Tune—" *Wandering Willie.*"

I.

Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
  Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
  Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.
Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure,
  Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever!
  Is anguish unmingl'd, and agony pure.

II.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
  'Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
  Since my last hope and last comfort is gone!
Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
  Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
  Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

Clarinda inspired these verses, and they are worthy of her merits, personal and mental. To his parting with that lady the Bard often recurred ; in truth, he left Edinburgh with great reluctance ; there he had pleasing society, and there only could he hope for " pension, post, or place." When he quitted it he knew he was going to the stilts of the plough, and experience told him how little he could hope from niggardly economy and sharp bargaining. He was one of nature's gentlemen, and unfit for the details of the market, the couping of horses, and the keen and eager contest carried on between seller and buyer. An old peasant once said of him " that he was owre kind-hearted to be prosperous," and added, " he was ane of them that carry their corn to a falling market, and sell their hens on a rainy day!" To this impediment in the way to wealth, he repeatedly alludes in his letters—no man ever knew himself better—all fell out in his own history as he feared it would.

MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE'S GAIRS UPON'T.

Tune—" *Greyg's Pipes.*"

I.

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks muckle mair upon't.
My lord a-hunting he is gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

II.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude;
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher guid
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

III.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

IV.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music notes o' lovers' hymns:
The diamond dew is her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

V.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O that's the lass to make him blest.
My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks muckle mair upon't.

The idea of this song is believed to be old, and some of the words also; most of it, however, is the workmanship of Burns. When he picked up an old fragment, or even a curious line, he could not rest till he had eked it out as much as possible in the manner and feeling of the old verse, and this must be his apology for passages over-warm, and sentiments according to the free strains of the elder minstrels. The air to which it is written was the composition of James Gregg, a musician belonging to Ayrshire, whose memory still lives in the west as an improver of the telescope, a mechanist, and a painter. He is still more pleasantly remembered by this tune, which is often called for when the dancers are on the

"And all goes merry as a marriage bell."

AMANG THE TREES.

Tune—" *The King of France, he rade a Race.*"

I.

Amang the trees, where humming bees
  At buds and flowers were hinging, O,
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
  And to her pipe was singing, O;
'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,
  She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly O,
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,
  That dang her tapsalteerie, O.

II.

Their capon craws and queer ha ha's,
  They made our lugs grow eerie, O;
The hungry bike did scrape and pike,
  'Till we were wae and weary, O;
But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd
  A prisoner aughteen year awa;
He fir'd a fiddler in the north
  That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

Ritson says, when he was in Italy he was much interested by the chants sung by friars or priests; they bore some resemblance to the elder Scottish melodies. This resemblance has been noticed by higher authorities in music than the laborious antiquary; and to this some of our northern authorities allude, when they surmise that Caledonia supplied Italy with many of her most exquisite melodies. This assertion seems as well-founded as the legend that David Rizzio brought the best Scottish airs from Italy—a story that offends our Welch musicians, who declare that David's surname was Rice, not Rizzio, and that the airs with which he charmed the Queen of Scotland were genuine Welch.

It has been thought that Burns had all that in his mind when he wrote this song: it seems quite as likely that he alludes to the influx of Italian music by means of operas and oratorios; and that the fiddler of the north, who was animated by the spirit of the royal poet and musician, was honest Niel Gow, whose vigorous genius maintained the glory of our national music in spite of—

"Their capon craws, and queer ha ha's!"

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

Tune—"*Banks of Banna.*"

I.

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
  A place where body saw na';
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
  The gowden locks of Anna.
The hungry Jew in wilderness
  Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss
  Upon the lips of Anna.

II.

Ye monarchs tak the east and west,
  Frae Indus to Savannah!
Gie me within my straining grasp
  The melting form of Anna.
There I'll despise imperial charms,
  An empress or sultana,
While dying raptures in her arms
  I give and take with Anna!

III.

Awa, thou flaunting god o' day!
  Awa, thou pale Diana!
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
  When I'm to meet my Anna.
Come, in thy raven plumage, night!
  Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a';
And bring an angel pen to write
  My transports wi' my Anna!

A Dumfries maiden, with a light foot and a merry eye, was the heroine of this clever song. Burns thought so well of it himself that he recommended it as one of his best to Thomson; but sagacious George, aware, perhaps, of the free character of her of the gowden locks, was unwilling to give her a place among lyrics dedicated to the charms of ladies of high degree and unblemished reputation. To those who are curious in such matters, it may be told that Anna's locks were sunny rather than golden, and that she was a handmaid at an inn, and accounted beautiful by the customers when wine made them tolerant in matters of taste.

END OF VOL. IV

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